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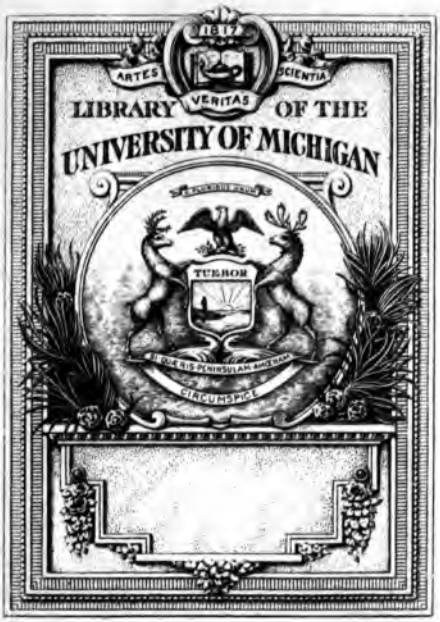

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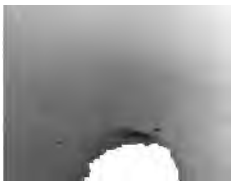

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"Sable stole of cypress lawn."

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Soap-Bubbles.

AS a little child at play
Blows upon a pipe of clay
Bubbles, evanescent, bright,
With their iridescent light,
So I fling upon the wind
Verses of the bubble kind.

And my friend with eyes of blue
Looks my dainty verses through,
Pauses from his books awhile,
With an intellectual smile;
For my fancy seems as naught
To this man of deeper thought.

Still I plead as my excuse:
"Even bubbles have their use.
They are perfect while they live,
And their short career may give,
As they shimmer, and are flown,
Some suggestion for our own.

SOAP-BUBBLES.

" Let their beauty, pure and glad,
Make another soul less sad,
And, as upward they are whirled,
Let them show their little world,
Floating clouds and perfect sky,
Warmly mirrored, ere they die."

HERBERT MULLER HOPKINS.

Columbia Literary Monthly.

I. LOVE AND SENTIMENT

CAP AND GOWN.

SECOND SERIES.

Love Laughs.

"LOVE laughs at locksmiths," laughs ho! ho!
Still Thisbe steals to meet a beau,
Naught recks of bolt and bar and night,
And father's frown and word despite.
As in the days of long ago,
In southern heat and northern snow
Still twangs the archer's potent bow,
And as his flying arrows smite,
Love laughs.

Trinity Tablet.

Where Cupid Dwells.

WAY over the seas, in a far, far land,
Where skies are blue and gold;
Where ripples break on a silver sand,
And sunbeams ne'er grow old;
There's a dale where Cupid dwells, they say,
And 'tis there that he rests from his frolic play.

Oh, there's many a lass and many a swain
That knows of his shafts made there;
For Cupid spares naught of a deep heart-pain,
Though love be all his care.
And I think he should make a reflection or two,
When he rests over there from his play. Don't you?

ROBERT L. MUNGER.

Yale Courant.

To Ruby Lips.

TWO ruby lips are hers; a pair
Of eyes a cynic to ensnare,
A tinted cheek, a perfect nose,
A throat as white as winter's snows,
And o'er her brow bright golden hair.

But, though she's everything that's fair,
My captured fancy's focused where
A saucy smile suffuses those
Two ruby lips.

Why longer wait their sweets to share?
We're safe behind the portière.
A moment, then, that no one knows —
Ah! now she's flown, *couleur de rose*,
With, one might hint (but who would dare?)
Too ruby lips.

H. A. RICHMOND.

The Tech.

A Gift.

MY friend holds careless in his palm
A glittering stone.
He does not know a jewel rare
Is all his own.

But in its flashing lights I see
A diamond shine,
And though he holds it in his hand,
The gem is mine.

ELIZABETH REEVE CUTTER.

Smith College Monthly.

Jacqueminot.

ARE you filled with wonder, Jacqueminot,
Do you think me mad that I kiss you so?
If a rose could only its thoughts express,
I'd find you mocking, I more than guess;
And yet if you vow me a fond old fool,
Just think if your own fine pulse was cool
When you lay in her tresses an hour ago,
Jacqueminot.

This pale, proud girl, you must understand,
Held all my fate in her small white hand,
And when I asked her to be my bride,
She wanted a day to think — decide;
And I asked, if her answer were *no*, she'd wear
A Marshal Niel to the ball in her hair,
But if 'twere *yes*, she would tell me so
By a Jacqueminot.

My heart found heaven, I had seen my sign,
And after the dance I knew her mine,
And I plucked you out of her warm, soft hair,
As her stately pride stood trembling there,

And I felt in the dark for her lips to kiss,
And I pressed them close to my own like *this*,
And I held her cheek to my own cheek — *so*,
Jacqueminot!

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Don't You Wish You Knew!

GLANCING in the moonlight,
Gliding in the dark,
Down the river slowly,
Floats our dainty bark.
Sweetly sound two voices,
Shadows hide the view;
Heard the rushes something?
Don't you wish you knew!

Gently sigh the zephyrs,
Shine the stars above,
Eyes of brighter lustre
Speak of lasting love.
Quickly pass the hours,
Glides the bark canoe;
Heard the rushes something?
Don't you wish you knew!

A. H. B.
Brunonian.

Prom = Roses.

ONLY a bunch of roses fair,
A cluster of pink and white,
Roses that nod to the music low,
The flowers she wore that night.

She tenderly lifts each drooping head
That gracefully tosses there,
And the dainty flowers, nestling close,
Smile back at the maiden fair.

"How beautiful they are," she said,
As she pressed them to her cheek,
"Why, the opened petals almost seem
As if they were trying to speak."

I wonder why she cannot hear
The song that the flowers sing,
I wonder if she knows or cares
For the message the roses bring.

JAMES P. SAWYER.

Yale Record.

A Lyric.

BENEATH the lilac-tree,
With its breathing blooms of white,
You waved a parting kiss to me
In the deepening amber light.

Your face is always near,
Your tender eyes of brown.
I see your form in dreams; I hear
The whisper of your gown.

Once more the lilac-tree
With twilight dew is wet;
But, oh, I would that you might be
Alive to love me yet.

EDWARD M. HULME.

The Palo Alto.

Pallas.

YOU say there's a sameness in my style,
You long for the savor of something new,
You tell me that love is not worth while,
You wish for verse that is strong and true.
Well, I will leave the choice to you —
Prose or poetry, short or long,
Only we'll let this be the cue —
Love is excluded from the song.

I'll sing of some old cathedral pile,
Where, as we sit in a carved oak pew,
The sunlight illumines nave and aisle,
And peace seems thrilling us through and through.
No? you don't think that will do?
How would you like a busy throng,
A battle, Elizabeth's retinue?
But love is excluded from the song.

A journey, a voyage, a tropic isle,
The hush of the forest, the ocean blue,
A lament for all that is false and vile,
A pæan for all that is good and true,

Pompadour's fan, or Louis's queue,
Mournful or merry, right or wrong.
Subjects, you'll find, are not so few,
But love is excluded from the song.

Oh! for a song of yourself you sue!
Do you think you can trap me? You are wrong.
Sing of your eyes and your smile and — Pooh!
Love is excluded from the song.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Columbia Spectator.

How I Love Her.

DEAR, I'll tell you how I love you —
Not by singing sweetly of you —
Oh, I love you far too much,
For the daintiest rhyme's light touch;
No, it needs no language signs,
It's written here between the lines,
How I love you! You will see
If you look there, loving me.

C. B. NEWTON.

Nassau Literary Monthly.

Polly.

SHE fluttered gaily down the hill—
That merry, dimpled lass—
She hurried singing down the hill,
And then she loitered by the mill,
And saw the bubbles pass,
Made double in the glass
Of the mirror of the water, greeny still.

She heard a sparrow pertly cry,
She smelt the new-mown hay,
She felt the sunshine in the sky,
As lightly she went skipping by,
A-down the sunny way—
'Twas like a holiday,
The keen, expectant sparkle in her eye.

And Cupid's wings were on her feet,
As nimbly she ran down;
And Cupid's wings were on her feet:
For pretty Polly went to meet
Her lover in the town.
She wore that lilac gown
That made him say — oh, nothing to repeat!

CHARLES W. SHOPE.
Harvard Advocate.

Under the Rose.

LAST night the blush rose clustered, —
To-day the rough wind blows
In showers her broken petals;
Last night, — yet no one knows, —
I kissed thee, sweetheart, sweetheart,
Under the rose!

Last night my fond hope blossomed, —
To-day December snows
Drift deep and cold above it;
To-day, — ah! no one knows, —
My heart breaks, sweetheart, sweetheart,
Under the rose!

CATHERINE Y. GLEN.
Mount Holyoke.

A Bit of Human Nature.

'TIS only a pair of woman's eyes,
So long-lashed, soft, and brown,
Half hiding the light that in them lies,
As dreamily looking down.

'Tis only the dainty curve of a lip,
Half full, half clear defined,
And the shell-like pink of a finger-tip,
And a figure half reclined.

'Tis only a coil of rich, dark hair,
With sunlight sifted through,
And a truant curl just here and there,
And a knot of ribbon blue.

'Tis only the wave of a feather fan,
That ruffles the creamy lace,
Loose gathered about the bosom fair,
By rhinestones held in place.

'Tis only the toe of a high-heeled shoe,
With the glimpse of a color above —
A stocking tinted a faint sky-blue,
The shade that lovers love.

'Tis only a woman — a woman, that's all,
And, as only a woman can,
Bringing a heart to her beck and call
By waving her feather fan.

'Tis only a woman, and I — 'twere best
To forget that waving fan.
She only a woman — you know the rest?
But I am only a man.

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

Virginia University Magazine.

Her Little Glove.

HER little glove, I dare aver,
Would set your pulses all astir;
It hides a something safe from sight
So soft and warm, so small and white,
A cynic would turn flatterer!

Could Pegasus have better spur?
'Twould almost cause a saint to err —
A Puritan to grow polite —
Her little glove.

'Twill satisfy a connoisseur,
This dainty thing of lavender;
And when it clasps her fingers tight
I think — I wonder if it's right —
That somehow — well — I wish *I* were
Her little glove.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Wesleyan Verse.

Skating Hath Charms.

SO cold was the night,
And her cheeks were cold, too,
Though it wasn't quite right,
So cold was the night,
And so sad was her plight,
That I — well, wouldn't you?
So cold was the night,
And her cheeks were cold, too.

H. H.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

The Portrait.

PEARLS and patches, powder and paint,
This was her grandmother years ago.
Gown and coiffure so strange and quaint,
Features just lacking the prim of the saint,
From the mischievous dimple that lurks below;
High-heeled slippers and satin bow,
Red lips mocking the heart's constraint,
Free from passion, devoid of taint—
This was her grandmother years ago.

Straight and slender, gallant and tall,
Ah, how he loved her, years ago!
Just so she looked at that last dim ball,
When, in a niche of the dusk old hall,
They whispered together soft and low.
She whispered "yes," but fate answered "no:"
Some one listened and told it all,
And the horses might wait by the garden wall,
But none came to answer him, years ago.

So, standing, fresh as the rose on her breast.
Smiling down on me here below,
Never a care on her brow impressed,
Never the dream of a thought confessed

Of all the weariness and the woe,
Hearts would break were time not so slow.
Swept are life's chambers; comes the new guest.
Old love, or new love — which was the best?
For this was her grandmother years ago.

Southern Collegian.

The Convert.

I WROTE lots of trash about Cupid,
And the telling bewitchment of curls,
And that men were excessively stupid
To be madly devoted to girls.
I remarked that true love was unstable,
As compared with position or pelf,
'Till one day I met you, little Mabel,
And learned what it felt like, myself!

Don't read all the things I have written
When I knew that my heart was my own,
But since I confess I am smitten,
Read these little verses alone.
And sincerely I trust I'll be able
To convince you, you sly little elf,
To grant me your heart, little Mabel,
And learn what it feels like yourself!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Columbia Literary Monthly.

A Thief's Apology.

I STOLE a kiss! — What could I do?
Before the door we stood, we two,
About to say a plain good-by;
She seemed so innocent and shy,
But what she thought, I thought I knew.

Ah, swift the blissful moments flew,
And when at last I said adieu
(Perhaps you think me bold), but I —
I stole a kiss.

The tale is told; perhaps it's true,
Perhaps it was a deed to rue;
But when that look came in her eye
I thought she wished to have me try —
I don't know how 'twould been with you —
I stole a kiss.

ROBERT PORTER ST. JOHN.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

A Ballad of Dorothy.

IT'S "Dorothy! Where's Dorothy?"
From morn to even fall,
There's not a lad on Cowslip Farm
Who joins not in the call.
It's Dolly here and Dolly there,
Where can the maiden be?
No wench in all the countryside's
So fine as Dorothy.

With tucked-up gown and shining pail,
Before the day is bright,
Down dewy lanes she singing goes
Among the hawthorns white.
Perchance her roses need her care,
She tends them faithfully.
There's not a rose in all the world
As fresh and sweet as she!

With morning sunshine in her hair
A-churning Dolly stands:
Oh, happy churn, I envy it,
Held close between her hands;

And when the crescent moon hangs bright
  Athwart the soft night sky,
Down shady paths we strolling go,
  Just Dorothy and I.

As true of heart as sweet of face,
  With gay and girlish air,
The painted belles of citydom
  Are not a whit as fair.
Come Michaelmas the parish chimes
  Will ring out merrily.
Who is the bride I lead to church?
  Why, who but Dorothy?

ARTHUR KETCHUM.

Williams Literary Monthly.

A Cup and Saucer Episode.

'TWAS only coffee, yet we both drank deep,
I won't deny I felt intoxication;
For just to see those roguish moon-eyes peep
Over the cup, I plunged in dissipation.

She raised her cup, and I raised also mine;
She gave a look, as if "Now are you ready?"
Our eyes met o'er the rims — it seemed like wine,
So sweet, divine, bewitching, almost "heady."

So cup on cup! The salad, too, was good.
I had of that far more than my fair rations.
Yet served it merely as an interlude
Between the music of the cup flirtations.

And then to have her say 'twas all my fault!
I fairly blushed, and gazed down at my cup.
I noticed, though, she had not called the halt
Until the pot was empty, every sup.

BERT ROSS.

Harvard Advocate.

Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady.

"THE burn runs swiftly, my dainty lass,
And its foam-wreathed stones are mossy,
An I carry ye ower to yonder shore
Ye will na think me saucy?"

"I thank ye, sir, but a Scottish lass
Recks not of a little wetting.
Will ye stand aside, sir? I can na bide, sir.
The sun o' the gloamin's setting."

"Yet stay, my pretty, the stepping-stones
Are a bridge o' my ane hands' making.
An ye pay no toll I maun be so bold —
The sweeter a kiss for taking."

"Farewell, ye braw young Highlander.
Tho' first ye sought to mask it:
Unceevil 'tis to steal a kiss,
But muckle waur to ask it."

CHARLES POTTER HINE.

Yale Literary Magazine.

A Foreign Tongue.

WHEN lovers talk, they talk a foreign tongue.
Their words are not like ours,
But full of meanings like the throb of flowers
Yet in the earth, unborn. I think the snow
Feels the mysterious passage and the flow
Of inarticulate streams that surge below.
And it is easy learning for the young;
When lovers talk, they talk a foreign tongue.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

Smith College Monthly.

Ye Golde-Headed Cane.

IT stands in the corner yet, stately and tall,
With a top that once shone like the sun.
It whispers of muster-field, playhouse, and ball,
Of gallantries, courtship, and fun.
It is hardly the stick for the dude of to-day,
He would swear it was deucedly plain,
But the halos of memory crown its decay —
My grandfather's gold-headed cane.

It could tell how a face in a circling calash
Grew red as the poppies she wore,
When a dandy stepped up with a swagger and dash
And escorted her home to her door.
How the beaux cried with jealousy, "Jove! what a buck!"
As they glared at the fortunate swain,
And the wand which appeared to have fetched him his luck —
My grandfather's gold-headed cane.

It could tell of the rides in the grand yellow gig,
When, from under a broad scuttle hat,
The eyes of fair Polly were lustrous and big,
And — but no! would it dare tell of *that?*

Ah me! by those wiles that bespoke the coquette
How many a suitor was slain!
There was one, though, who conquered the foe when they met
With the gleam of his gold-headed cane.

Oh, the odors of lavender, lilac, and musk!
They scent these old halls even yet;
I can still see the dancers as down through the dusk
They glide in the grave minuet.
The small satin slippers, my grandmamma's pride,
Long, long in the chest have they lain;
Let us shake out the camphor and place them beside
My grandfather's gold-headed cane.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Yours.

MATCHLESS, melting eyes of brown,
This is but a cheerless town;
You should beam 'neath warmer skies,
Matchless, melting, dark brown eyes.

Yours should be a land of flowers,
Perfumed air and sunny hours;
Eastern fires within you rise,
Matchless, melting, dark brown eyes.

Eyes of beauty, eyes of light,
Burning mystically bright,
Prithee here no longer stay,
You will burn my heart away.

W.

Hamilton Literary Monthly.

A Fickle Heart.

A FICKLE heart! Let subtler poets sing
Of changeless love and all that kind of thing,
Of hearts in which a passion never dies —
My heart's as fickle as the summer skies
Across whose face the changing cloud-forms wing.

Unfailing loves unfailing troubles bring.
I love to touch on Cupid's harp each string,
Though each unto my questioning touch replies
A fickle heart.

So, 'twixt some thirty loves I'm wavering,
To each the same unstable vows I fling,
Reading the first glad gleam of love's surprise
In thirty pair of brown and azure eyes,
Finding in all the same thought answering
A fickle heart.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Columbia Spectator.

My Lady Goes to the Play.

WITH the link-boys running on before
To light her on her way,
A-lounging in her sedan goes
Belinda to the play.

In patch and powder, puff and frill,
From satin shoe to hair,
Of all the maids in London town
I wot there's none so fair!

From Mayfair down along the Strand
To Covent Garden's light,
Where Master David Garrick acts
In a new rôle to-night,

The swinging sedan takes its way,
And with expectant air
Belinda fans, and wonders who
To-night there will be there.

Sir Charles, perhaps, or, happy thought,
Flushing thro' her powder,
He might come in — beneath her stays
She feels her heart beat louder.

The place, at last! The flunkies set
Their dainty burden down.
"Lud, what a crowd!" My Lady frowns
And gathers up her gown.

ENVOY.

Alack for human loveliness
And for its little span!
Where's Belinda? Here, quite fresh,
Are still her gown and fan!

ARTHUR KETCHUM.

Williams Literary Monthly.

Confession and Avoidance.

THEY say that you're a flirt at best,
And warn me to beware: your glances
Would make, they say, a treach'rous test
By which to gauge a fellow's chances.
And yet — I love you so! a throng
Of passions bid me speak to-day.
Ah! darling, tell me they are wrong!
Are you as heartless as they say?

Am I? well, so I have been told,
Though never yet have I confessed it;
But you, sir, seem so very bold
That I — well, I admit you've guessed it.
Alas! 'tis true I'm heartless; yes,
They're right, but only right in part;
The reason, dear, is — can't you guess?
Because — because you have my heart.

JOHN ALAN HAMILTON.

Cornell Magazine.

Clarissa Laughs.

CLARISSA laughs. I plead in vain,
She hears my suit with sweet disdain,
When I remind her — speaking low —
That once she did not flout me so,
She asks me — do I think 'twill rain?
Then when in anger I am fain
To leave her, swear I've naught to gain
By staying, save th' increase of woe,
Clarissa laughs.

Yet when I beg of her to deign
To answer, give it joy or pain,
She smiles. So then I cannot go,
For with her smiles my love doth grow.
Yet when I press my suit again,
Clarissa laughs.

RUTH PARSONS MILNE.

Smith College Monthly.

'Mid the Roses.

'MID the roses she is standing,
In her garden, waiting there;
Roses all about her glowing,
Roses shining in her hair.

May I, dare I, ask the question
Which my heart has asked before?
Then I falter, "Can you love me,
Darling?" I can say no more.

Now the petals fall more slowly:
One has lodged upon her dress;
Now her eyes she raises gently;
Meeting mine, they answer "Yes."

F. T. GEROULD.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

A Society Martyr.

RUSTLING billows of silk 'neath the foam of old lace,
A half-languid smile upon each listless face, —
A dreaming of roses and rose-leaf shades, —
A medley of modern and Grecian maids.
Such clatter and clink
One scarcely can think
Till he spies a shy nook where he lonely can sink, —
For how can a bachelor be at his ease
With such chatter and gossip at afternoon teas?

Fair Phyllis's gold lashes demurely cast down,
Her face in sweet doubt 'twixt a smile and a frown, —
A venturesome rosebud o'ertopping the rest
Now lies all a-quiver upon her white breast,
The curves of her neck
Man's vow often wreck, —
She has the whole world at her call and her beck.
So how can a bachelor be at his ease
With such variant emotions at afternoon teas?

Behind sheltering palms, safe from gossips' sharp gaze,
Is acted in mime one of life's dearest plays, —

Sweet Bessie's brown eyes raised beseechingly up,
Her lips just released from the kiss of her cup,
And Fred, I much fear,
From small sounds that I hear,
Is as bold as the rim of her cup, — and as near, —
And how can a bachelor be at his ease
With such sights and such sounds at our afternoon teas?

Shrewd maters watch Phyllis and Bessie and Fred, —
Each smile and each look and each toss of the head, —
And wonder and ponder and figure and scheme,
While fortune and fashion 'gainst love tip the beam.
For Bessie's dark locks
And Phyllis's smart frocks
Are but snares to entrap the society fox.
Pray, how can a bachelor be at his ease
With such artful devices at afternoon teas?

JOHN CLINTON ANTHONY.

Brown Magazine.

O Mores!

CUPID'S bow is lying broken,
Fallen on the ground,
And his arrows all with blunted
Points are strewn around.
For to reach our modern hearts
Powerless are the blind god's darts,
From his rosy shoulders stripped;
Since, to pierce the breasts so cold,
Shafts must always be of gold,
Arrows must be diamond-tipped.

ALBERT ELLSWORTH THOMAS.

Brunonian.

Which?

BLONDE or brunette? Shall Ethel fair,
My winter girl, with golden hair,
Or Maud, whose dark brown eyes bewitch,—
My summer girl,—now govern?
Which?

Shall cold Bostonianism rule?
Shall Love teach Browning in his school?
Or shall coy glances, passion-rich,
Compel my fond allegiance?
Which?

And yet the solving's really clear,
For winter's gone and summer's here.
I want no statue in a niche,
So Cupid says, "Let Maud be
'Which!'"

W. C. NICHOLS.

Harvard Lampoon.

Then and Now.

WHEN first we met she was three feet high,
And three, I think, was her age as well,
A touch of the heaven was in her eye;
I cannot say she was very shy,
(As you'll see by her actions by and by),
But the way I behaved I blush to tell.

We met at a party, on the stair;
She was decked in ribbons and silk galore,
She smiled with a most bewitching air,
And then, I'm afraid, I pulled her hair.
You know you can't expect savoir-faire
Of a cavalier of the age of four!

She only laughed with her subtle charm,
And took it more sweetly than you'd have believed,
But later she really took alarm —
When she wanted to kiss me I pinched her arm,
And she ran away to escape from harm;
At which, no doubt, I was much relieved.

She did not offer to kiss again;
I saw her go off with another beau,
She pretended to hold up her ten-inch train,

And whispered low to her new-found swain.
I was eating ice-cream with might and main, —
And that was some seventeen years ago.

I see her to-night on the winding stair,
She replies with a smile to my sober bow;
The palms lean lovingly toward her hair,
And her foot keeps time to a distant air.
I'm afraid she does not recall or care —
She does not offer to kiss me now!

Heigho! What a sad, what a sweet affair,
What a curious mixture life seems to be!
I am fast in the net of love, and there,
With another man on the winding stair,
Is the girl I love, — and I pulled her hair
When she wanted a kiss at the age of three!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Columbia Spectator.

A Toast.

CLINK, clink,
Fill up your glasses.
Drink, drink,
Drink to the lasses.
Eyes that are blue,
Lips that are sweet,
Hearts that are true,
Figures petite.
Clink, clink,
Fill up your glasses.
Drink, drink,
Drink to the lasses.
Drink, for there's nothing so sweet as a maid is;
Drink to the dearest of mortals, The Ladies.

HENRY MORGAN STONE.

Brunonian.

A Bit of Lace.

IT lay upon a pillow white,
The framework of a beauteous sight
Wherein its mistress laid a bright
Ecstatic face,
And when each night it proudly bore
Her wavy wealth of "cheveux d'or"
It seemed a very Heaven for
The bit of lace.

But lace can from a pillow part
And by a touch of cunning art
Adorn the casket of the heart,
Where every grace,
Half hidden by its witching fold,
Seeks to betray a charm untold —
How envies each admirer bold
The bit of lace!

Still maidens' mind and garments change,
And so there comes a new exchange;
The real Valenciennes finds a strange
New resting-place,

Where tiny feet and ankles hide,
And where but for a shoe untied
No human eye had e'er espied
  The bit of lace.

A crowded street, a sudden scare,
A little rush, a lengthy tear,
A snowy skirt that needs repair,
  Decides the case.
And what each morn her footman missed
Hung from a dainty, dimpled wrist,
And ardent lovers fondly kissed
  The bit of lace.

. . . . . .

This tale is incomplete, I know,
But where else could the traveller go?
Ah, it was fifty years ago
  All this took place.
And nodding, in her noonday nap,
Secure from every sad mishap,
I see in Grandma's dainty cap
  The bit of lace.

Red and Blue.

A Song to Her.

A SONG to a maid with eyes like stars;
Lad, you can sing it.
Any old tune to trip the bars,
Any old voice to ring it;
Love will wend it away to her;
Love will mend it and pray to her;
Love with his love will wing it.

A song to a maid, a song of songs
Born in the singing
Ever, oh! ever to love belongs;
Ringing, ringing, ringing!
Holly berry, a winter theme,
Bursting cherry, a summer's dream,
Love on love's pinions winging.

Wrinkle.

Circe.

MERRY smiles and entrancing eyes,
Words that are light as passing air,
Lips that never disown disguise,
Hearts that endeavor hearts to snare,
Tongues that know not the way to spare,
Babbling on in a thoughtless whirl;
Would-be worshippers, O beware!
These are the ways of the modern girl.

Faces fickle as April skies,
Eyes where Cupid has made his lair;
When they tempt you to idolize,
Then for a broken heart prepare.
What does she care for your despair,
Striving peace from your life to hurl?
Would-be worshippers, O take care!
These are the ways of the modern girl.

Ribbons and laces, smiles and sighs,
A knot of vermilion in her hair,
Glances where veiled deception lies,
A kiss, perchance, on the winding stair,

Exquisite gowns and roses rare,
Shimmer of silver, gloss of pearl —
Where is the heart, O woman, where?
These are the ways of the modern girl.

ENVOY.

Fashion and pique her hours share,
Nature and truth their standards furl,
Fair as fickle, and false as fair,
These are the ways of the modern girl.

Columbia Spectator.

A Wish.

CUPID laughs, nor seems to care
How his shafts are wont to harrow.
Ah! that I could unaware,
Wound him with his golden arrow.

A.

Columbia Spectator.

To Phyllis.

I SAID your beauty shamed the rose's blush;
You thought the simile was trite, untrue;
But, oh, I saw each rose for pleasure flush
To hear itself compared, dear heart, to you!

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Columbia Spectator.

L'Amour, L'Amour.

WE catch the fleeting perfume of roses
As the evening closes the golden day,
And the rhythmic beating of waves in motion
Comes from the ocean a mile away;
In the west is dying the sunset's splendor,
And twilight tender enfolds the land;
Where the tide is flying a-down the river,
And the grasses quiver, we silent stand.

In your radiant eyes the sun unknowing
Has left his glowing to deeper glow,
And your tender sighs sound far more sweetly
Than the winds that fleetly and blithely blow.
And first all shyly your small hand lingers
With trembling fingers within my own,
The blushes slyly and swiftly starting,
And then departing like rose-leaves blown.

Alas, the envious time is fleeting,
But your heart is beating in time with mine,
And Cupid's rhyme rings louder — clearer,
As I draw you nearer, my love divine!

In the twilight dim we have found love's tether,
And are linked together, no more to part;
While the white stars swing in a maze of glory,
To hear the story that bares your heart.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Columbia Spectator.

Lines on a Ring.

OH, precious drop of crystal dew,
Set in a tiny band of gold,
Which doth within its little grasp
A blue-veined finger softly hold —
Thou failest if thy radiant rays
Are seeking — bold attempt 'twould be! —
To show a fraction of the love
That beams from Edith's eyes on me.

LOREN M. LUKE.

Nassau Literary Monthly.

A Memory.

SHADOWS up the hillside creeping,
Gold in western sky,
Meadow-brook beneath us keeping
Dreamy lullaby.

Soft stars through the pine-trees gleaming—
Gems in dark robes caught —
Everything about us seeming
With hidden meaning fraught.

Sweet dark eyes, upon me turning,
Challenge if I dare,
Vie with amorous sunbeams burning
O'er her face and hair.

But a truce to idle musing —
That was long ago.
Was she gracious or refusing?
You may never know.

Winter's snows those fields are hiding
'Neath a robe of white,
For another she is biding
Tryst of love to-night.

I was only glancing over
  A book beloved of yore,
When a sprig of mountain clover
  Fluttered to the floor.

IRVILLE C. LECOMPTE.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

The Soul's Kiss.

NOT your sweet, red lips, dear,
Tremulous with sighs,
Lest their passion dull love's rapture;
Kiss me with your eyes.

Gleam on Cupid's wing, dear,
At the least touch flies,
Even lips may brush to dimness;
Kiss me with your eyes.

Pain within the bliss, dear,
Of those soft curves lies;
Only love the soul's light carries;
Kiss me with your eyes.

MAUD THOMPSON.

Wellesley Magazine.

A Portrait.

A SLIM, young girl, in lilac quaintly dressed;
A mammoth bonnet, lilac like the gown,
Hangs from her arm by wide, white strings, the crown
Wreathed round with lilac blooms; and on her breast
A cluster; lips still smiling at some jest
Just uttered, while the gay, gray eyes half frown
Upon the lips' conceit; hair, wind-blown, brown
Where shadows stray, gold where the sunbeams rest.

Ah! lilac lady, step from your gold frame,
Between that starched old Bishop and the dame
In awe-inspiring ruff. We'll brave their ire
And trip a minuet. You will not? — Fie!
Those mocking lips half make me wish that I,
Her grandson, might have been my own grandsire.

Trinity Tablet.

A Picture.

ON spinet old, Clarissa plays
The melodies of by-gone days.
Forgotten fugue, a solemn tune,
The bars of stately rigadoon.
With head bent down to scan each note,
A crimson ribbon round her throat,
The very birds to sing forget
As some old-fashioned minuet
Clarissa plays.

King George long since has passed away,
And minuets have had their day.
Within a hidden attic nook
Covered with dust, her music-book.
Gone are the keys her fingers pressed,
The bunch of roses at her breast.
But still, unmindful of time's flight,
With face so fair and hands so white,
Clarissa plays.

EDWARD B. REED.

Yale Literary Magazine.

Tildy in the Choir.

LINES that ripple, notes that dance,
Foreign measures brought from France,
Reaching with a careless ease
From high C to — where you please,
Clever, frivolous, and gay —
These will answer in their way;
But that tune of long ago —
Stately, solemn, somewhat slow
(Dear "Old Hundred" —that's the air) —
Will outrank them anywhere;
Once it breathed a seraph's fire.
(Tildy sang it in the choir.)

How she stood up straight and tall!
Ah! again I see it all;
Cheeks that glowed and eyes that laughed,
Teeth like cream, and lips that quaffed
All the genial country's wealth
Of large cheer and perfect health,
Gown — well, yes — old-fashioned quite,
You would call it "just a fright,"
But I love that quaint attire.
(Tildy wore it in the choir.)

How we sang — for *I* was there,
Occupied a singer's chair
Next to — well, no prouder man
Ever lifts the bass, nor can,
Sometimes held the self-same book,
(How my nervous fingers shook!)
Sometimes — wretch — while still the air
Echoed to the parson's prayer,
I would whisper in her ear
What she could not help but hear.
Once, I told her my desire.
(Tildy promised in the choir.)

Well, those days are past, and now
Come gray hairs, and yet somehow
I can't think those years have fled —
Still those roadways know my tread,
Still I climb that old pine stair,
Sit upon the stiff-backed chair,
Stealing glances toward my left
Till her eyes repay the theft;
Death's a dream and Time's a liar —
Tildy still is in the choir.

Come, Matilda number two,
Fin de siècle maiden you!

Wonder if you'd like to see
Her I loved in fifty-three?
Yes? All right, then go and find
Mother's picture — "Papa!" — Mind!
She and I were married. You
Were our youngest. Now you, too,
Raise the same old anthems till
All the church is hushed and still
With a single soul to hear.
Do I flatter? Ah, my dear,
Time has brought my last desire —
Tildy still *is* in the choir!

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

A Memory.

WE sat in the lamplight's gentle glow,
Alone on the winding stair,
And the distant strains of a waltz fell low
On the fragrance-laden air.
I caught from her lips a murmured "yes,"
And the stately palms amid
There came a blissful, sweet caress —
I shouldn't have — but I did!

I might forget that joyous night,
As the months slip swiftly by;
I might forget the gentle light
That shone in her hazel eye;
But I can't forget that whispered "yes"
That came the palms amid,
I can't forget that one caress —
I shouldn't have — but I did!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Columbia Spectator.

The American Girl.

THE German may sing of his rosy-cheeked lass,
The French of his brilliant-eyed pearl;
But ever the theme of my praises shall be
The laughing American girl,
Yes, the jolly American girl.

She laughs at her sorrows, she laughs at her joys,
She laughs at Dame Fortune's mad whirl;
And laughing will meet all her troubles in life,
The laughing American girl,
Yes, the joyous American girl.

You say she can't love if she laughs all the time?
A laugh at your logic she'll hurl;
She loves while she laughs and she laughs while she loves,
The laughing American girl,
Oh, the laughing American girl!

S. F. P.
Campus.

Ballade of Justification.

A JINGLE of bells and a crunch of snow,
Skies that are clear as the month of May,
Winds that merrily, briskly blow,
A pretty girl and a cozy sleigh,
Eyes that are bright and laughter gay,
All that favors Dan Cupid's art;
I was but twenty. What can you say
If I confess I lost my heart?

What if I answered in whispers low,
Begged that she would not say me nay,
Asked if my love she did not know,
What if I did? Who blames me, pray?
Suppose she blushed. 'T is the proper way
For lovely maidens to play their part.
Does it seem too much for a blush to pay
If I confess I lost my heart?

What if I drove extremely slow,
Was there not cause enough to stay?
Such opportunities do not grow
Right in one's pathway every day;

Cupid I dared not disobey,
If he saw fit to cast his dart;
Is it a thing to cause dismay
If I confess I lost my heart?

ENVOY.

What if I kissed her? Jealous they
Who scoff at buyers in true love's mart.
Who can my sound good sense gainsay
If I confess I lost my heart?

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Columbia Spectator.

Perdita.

'TWAS only a tiny, withered rose,
But it once belonged to Grace.
The goody didn't know that, I suppose —
'Twas only a tiny, withered rose,
No longer sweet to the eye or nose,
So she tossed it out from the Dresden vase.—
'Twas only a tiny, withered rose,
But it once belonged to Grace.

Harvard Advocate.

Strategy.

SOME, Cupid kills with arrows,
Some, with traps;
But this spring the little rascal
Found, perhaps,
That he needed both to slay me;
So he laid a cunning snare
On the hillside, and he hid it
In a lot of maidenhair;
And I doubt not he is laughing
At the joke,
For he made his arrows out of
Poison-oak.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD.

Sequoia.

Canoe Song.

DIP! Dip! Softly slip
Down the river shining wide,
Dim and far the dark banks are;
Life is love and naught beside.
Onward, drifting with the tide.

Drip, drip, from paddle tip
Myriad ripples swirl and swoon;
Shiv'ring 'mid the ruddy stars,
Mirrored in the deep lagoon,
Faintly floats the mummied moon.

Soft, soft, high aloft, —
Ever thus till time is done, —
Worlds will die; may thou and I
Glide beneath a gentler sun,
Young as now and ever one.

E. FRÈRE CHAMPNEY.

Harvard Advocate.

A Rambling Rhyme of Dorothy.

WHEN ye Crocuſs ſhews his heade
& ye Wyndes of Marche have flede,
Springe doth come, and happylye
Then I thinke of
Dorothy.

Haycockes fragrante in ye ſun
Give me reſte when taſkes are done:
Summer's here, & merrylye
Then I dreame of
Dorothy.

Scarlette leaves & heapinge binne;
Cyder, ye cool Tankard in;
Autumn's come. Righte jollylye
Then I drinke to
Dorothy.

When ye Northe Wynde ſweeps ye ſnowe
& Icycles hange all belowe,
Then, for ſoothe, Olde Winter, he
Letts me dance with
Dorothy!

ARTHUR CHENEY TRAIN.

Harvard Advocate

The Prof.'s Little Girl.

SHE comes to the Quad when her Ladyship pleases,
And loiters at will in the sun and the shade;
As free from the burden of work as the breezes
That play with the bamboo is this little maid.
The tongues of the bells, as they beat out the morning,
Like mad in their echoing cases may whirl
Till they weary of calling her, — all their sharp warning
Is lost on the ear of the prof's little girl.

With a scarred-over heart that is old in the knowledge
Of all the manœuvres and snares of the Hall,
Grown wary of traps in its four years at college,
And able at last to keep clear of them all, —
Oh, what am I doing away from my classes
With a little blue eye and a brown little curl?
Ah me! fast again, and each precious hour passes
In slavery sweet to the prof's little girl.

She makes me a horse, and I mind her direction,
Though it takes me o'er many a Faculty green;
I'm pledged to the cause of her pussy's protection
From ghouls of the Lab and the horrors they mean;

I pose as the sire of a draggled rag dolly
  Who owns the astonishing title of Pearl;—
And I have forgotten that all this is folly,
  So potent the charm of the prof's little girl!

Yet, spite of each sacrifice made to impress her,
  She smiles on my rival. Oh, vengeance I'd gain!
But he wears the same name as my major professor,
  And so in his graces I have to remain;
And when she trots off with this juvenile lover,
  Leaving me and the cat and the doll in a whirl,
It's pitiful truly for us to discover
  The signs of her sex in the prof's little girl.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD.

Four-Leaved Clover.

Gertrude.

FAIR Gertrude lives at Farmington,
Perhaps you've seen her there;
Her eyes delight in laughing light,
Let gods describe her hair;
Her figure — well, grave Juno ne'er
Had half the supple grace
Of Gertrude fair of Farmington —
Perhaps you know that place?

Beneath her lips there gleam two rows
Of greed-inspiring pearls;
Such rows of teeth the gods bequeath
To but their choicest girls.
For other things at Farmington
I do not care a rap,
Although it is a lovely place —
I've seen it (on the map).

I would the gods had given me
Some mild poetic skill;
In Gertrude's praise I'd sing for days,
And volumes I could fill.

Perhaps you think I love this maid —
  In sooth perhaps I do;
Well, if I did, I'd tell her —
  But, by Jove, I'd not tell *you*.

J. H. SCRANTON.

Yale Record.

My Politics.

I AM for gold — her golden hair
Whose mesh my soul entrances;
Caressing this, what do I care
For national finances?

For silver, too — those silver tones
That with her laughter rise;
This wealth, thank God, no law or thrones
Can e'er demonetize.

G. W. PIERCE.

University of Texas Magazine.

The Summer Girl.

A HALF-RECLINING form
  In a "sleepy-hollow" chair,
A cloud of curls that storm
  About her beauty fair,
Two laughing eyes that tell
  A shyly answered "Yes."
A dainty hand to — well,
  Say simply to caress.

An airy little sprite
  In a billowy flood of lace,
Which flutters in its flight
  In the galop's tripping grace.
And, oh, the broken hearts
  Which follow the rapturous whirl!
Oh, the Redfern gown, and the arts
  Of the annual summer girl!

EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

Love's Token.

THE frost and snow of mistletoe,
The warmth of holly berry,
These I combine, O lady mine,
To make thy yule-tide merry.
And shouldst thou learn, sweet, to return
My love, nor deem it folly,
Twined in thy hair the snow fruit wear,
And on thy breast the holly.

ALICE R. TAGGART.

Vassar Miscellany.

A Passing Song.

AH, only love I have ever known,
Ah, only love I shall ever know,
The careless hours of youth have flown
And the light-hearted past to the winds is thrown,
And faster and faster the hours go.

In your heart and mine there's a secret lying
While the spring's breath thrills in the air of May,
While life seems ever to be defying
The flight of time and the thought of dying,
And the great world runs on its careless way.

Yet one dear thought in my heart is resting
As I face the path I must tread ere long,
When wearied with life's unending questing,
Its tawdry joys and its idle jesting,
I shall pass to the midst of the missing throng.

That here I have known your heart's dear thrilling,
Your helping hand and your watchful eye,
My life with your tender love fulfilling.
I know but this, and am strangely willing
To learn your love and in learning — die.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Columbia Spectator.

Fate.

WHEN I picked up her glove
I let Fate decide it.
So great was my love,
When I picked up her glove;
'Twas as soft as a dove
And her hand was inside it.
When I picked up her glove
I let Fate decide it.

W.

Columbia Spectator.

Her Winsome Smile.

HER winsome smile! It beams on me
From where the choir makes melody,
Behind the parson; maid demure,
Her witching eyes my thoughts allure,
Although, in church, this should not be.
Pale Luna's light, the dimpling sea,
Are very taking, I'll agree;
But to her smile all else is poor—
Her winsome smile.

The preacher, in a mournful key,
Shoves on the Year of Jubilee,
Shows present times without a cure,
With pessimistic portraiture—
His back is turned, he cannot see
Her winsome smile.

HARRY KEISER MUNROE.

Wesleyan Argus

The Summer Girl.

I WOOED her in the summer months,
When all the world was gay,
And on the hillside, in the sun,
The yellow harvest lay,
And late, across the level lawns,
The twilight met the day.

Together, in the garden walks,
At early morn we went;
Together, in the deep green groves,
The drowsy noontide spent;
And in the evening watched how well
The sunset glories blent.

Oh, happy morn! The trysting oak
Hung o'er the orchard gate.
I waited for her in the shade —
I had quite long to wait,
For with the coachman she eloped
And left me to my fate.

Yale Record.

Phyllis's Slippers.

BEFORE the firelight's genial glow
She sits, and dreams of waltzes sweet,
Nor heeds the curious gleams that show
Grandmamma's slippers on her feet.

Ah, happy slippers, thus to hold
So rare a burden! It were meet
That you should be of beaten gold
To clasp so close such dainty feet.

H. A. RICHMOND.

The Tech.

Vindication.

PRAY, why do maidens ever stand beneath
The mistletoe?
And why was ever hung the mystic wreath —
Why should it grow?
And why were laughing eyes and lashes made,
If not to tease?
And such an opportunity displayed,
If not to seize?
Why, pouting lips should always ready be
To catch a kiss.
If cheeks will blush, why, it is plain to see
'Tis not amiss.
And when a maiden sweet, and roguish eyes,
And mistletoe,
And madd'ning lips, while telltale blushes rise,
A-teasing so —
Think you that I all idle waiting sat
To see her go?
Did I believe when she insisted that
She didn't know?

ARTHUR MAURICE SMITH.

Wrinkle.

To an Imaginary One.

SAY, darling, do you love me true?
Return you my affection?
Pray answer as I want you to,
And speak with circumspection.

Don't blurt me out a *yes*, *chérie*,
And throw your arms around me:
A lack of maiden modesty
Would shock me and confound me.

Be distant as the morning star,
Nor let me know how real,
How most material you are—
My love is too ideal.

Yes, be a little bit afraid,
And make a sweet resistance;
So near, a maid is but a maid,
A goddess at a distance.

Still deign to play the charmer, dear,
Blush while you're thinking of me,
Breathe coyest wordlets in mine ear,
But *don't* confess you love me!

HENRY B. EDDY.
Harvard Advocate.

When Gladys Plays.

WHEN Gladys plays in gladsome glee,
All men and gods might wish to see.
With flushing cheek and flashing eye
She strokes the ball or lobs it high,
With cuts of great variety.

The ball hides in some blooming tree,
And sorely tries poor patient me;
But I swear not, oh, no! not I,
When Gladys plays.

When whist with all propriety,
As Foster, Hoyle, or Pole decree,
We play together, although my
Good ace she trumps, I merely sigh
And grant the points to the enemy,
When Gladys plays.

FERRIS GREENSLET.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

At the Club.

WHEN a pretty maiden passes
By the window down the street,
Cards and billiards lose their sweet;
Conversation on old brasses
Languishes; up go the glasses:
"Nice complexion!" "Dainty feet!"
When a pretty maiden passes
By the window down the street.

Smith forgets the "toiling masses,"
Robinson, the fall in wheat;
All the club is indiscreet.
Ah, the wisest men are asses
When a pretty maiden passes
By the window down the street!

RICHARD HOVEY.

Dartmouth Lyrics.

Friends.

THE wintry sky may be chill and drear,
And the wind go sighing in mournful strain,
Or it may be the spring of the waking year,
When flowers and birds return again.
Be it March or May, it matters not,
Snow or violets on the ground,
I know a little bewitching spot,
Where it is fair the whole year round.

A low tea-table set out for two,
A divan with cushions piled on high,
Dresden tea-cups of pink and blue,
A fat little kettle simmering nigh,
In winter a fire that cracks and roars,
In summer a window where breezes play.
What if it hails or snows or pours,
In that little spot it is always May.

A girl — of course, you will say, when one
Describes such a haven from life's mad whirl.
There must be a — wait till my song is done.
This is *such* an entrancing girl!

Cheeks as fresh as a summer rose,
  Eyes that change like the changing sea,
Lips where a smile first comes, then goes,
  And, oh! but she makes delicious tea.

So we sit and talk while the kettle sings,
  And life seems better at least to me,
The fleeting hours have golden wings,
  When in that little spot I 'm drinking tea.
Love? Ah, no, we are far above
  Such folly. Our time we can better spend.
This world is brimming with loveless love,
  But 'tis rarely enough one finds a friend.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.
Columbia Spectator.

Another Complaint Against Cupid.

WHEREVER maidens may be found
Dan Cupid's sure to wander round,
I found him once, the little fool,
Attending on a cooking-school.
The scholars only laughed and smiled,
And cried: "How sweet, how smart a child!"
He kept his wings close hid, yet I
Remembered him from days gone by,
And, stepping up, I whispered this:
"My boy, compound for me a kiss."
His face grew thoughtful, then the rogue
Lisped out: "Well, *this* is most in vogue:
An acorn-cup of sugar first,
Sprinkle quite well with bubbles burst,
Then add a pinch of down that lies
All over June's brown butterflies.
Mix well, and take, to stir it up,
The stem of one long buttercup.
But, sir, you ne'er can taste a mite
Until I add the appetite."
Whereat, ere I could turn to start,
I saw — I *felt* the flashing dart.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Olla Podrida.

Sub-Mistletoe.

WE two stood near
The chandelier,
With mistletoe upon it.
A lovely girl,
My head awhirl,
Her wrap — I'll help her don it.

A button caught;
I surely ought
To help, when she'd begun it.
A pause, a hush,
A kiss, a blush,
And now, by Jove, I've done it!

Lehigh Burr.

She Sayeth "No."

SHE sayeth "No" — my lady fair —
And lightly laughs at my despair.
She quick evades my least caress,
Nor grants to me a single tress
From out her wealth of golden hair.

Yet to her cheeks creeps crimson rare,
When I for her my love declare.
But while her blue eyes tell me "Yes,"
She sayeth "No."

The maid well knows I would not dare
Try to escape her gentle snare.
And, if I really must confess,
I own I trust her lips far less
Than her blue eyes beyond compare.
She *sayeth* "No."

BERTRAND A. SMALLEY.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

Silhouettes.

GRANDMA'S shadow on the wall,
Graceful figure, slim and tall,
Shadow of a maiden fair,
Lofty head, with rippling hair,
Nose "la Grecque" from Hebe stole:
Charming, very, on the whole,
Is this shadow on the wall,
Fifty years ago, — that's all.

Grandpa's shadow on the wall,
Straight this shadow is, and tall;
(Nose "la Roman," we might say)
Stately mien, and courtly way;
Now it's deeply bowing, oh!
But see! for kneeling low
Is this shadow on the wall,
Fifty years ago, — that's all.

. . . . . .

Grandma's shadow on the wall,
Bent this figure is, not tall;
Shadow in a rocking-chair,
Rocking gently, — now with care;

Now it nodding, nodding seems.
Do you think this shadow dreams
Of some shadows on the wall
Fifty years ago, — that's all?

ANNIE KNOWLTON PILLSBURY.

Mount Holyoke.

Bread and Wine.

ALL day work in the shops,
The weary tread
Of toil that knows no change,
And this is bread.

At night when work is done,
Her hand in mine,
The hope of happier days,
And this is wine.

ELIZABETH REEVE CUTTER.

Smith College Monthly.

A Song.

THIS I learned from the birds,
Dear heart,
And they told me in woodland words,
Apart,
And they told me true,
That all their singing the summer through
Was of you, of you.

This I learned from the flowers,
Dear heart,
In the dewy morning hours
Apart,
And they sware it, too,
That all their sweetness the summer through
Was for you, for you.

This I learned from the leaves,
Dear heart,
On stilly, starry eves
Apart,
Though their words were few,
That all their sighing the summer through
Was for you, for you.

This I learned from the stars,
Dear heart,—
From the Seven Sisters, and Mars,
Apart
In the boundless blue, —
That their light the lingering summer through
Was for you, for you.

This I learned from my life,
Dear heart,
'Mid its storms, and stress, and strife,
Apart,
(God knows it's true!)
That I need to love me my long way through,
Only you, dear, you.

FRANCIS CHARLES McDONALD.

Nassau Literary Monthly.

Drifting.

DRIFTING in our frail canoe
On the dusky, silent stream,
Dearest, see! The sunset-gleam
Fires love's torch for me and you.

Coral clouds and pearly sky,
Flaming in the farthest west,
Softly whisper peace and rest,
Peace and rest that never die.

Let us shun the sable shore,
Frowning at us slipping by.
Let's be happy, you and I,
Drifting, drifting evermore.

H. H. CHAMBERLIN, JR.

Harvard Advocate.

Cloudland.

OVER the hills, at the close of day,
Gazing with listless-seeming eyes,
Margery watches them sail away,
The sunlit clouds of the western skies.

Margery sighs with a vain regret,
As slowly they fade from gold to gray,
Till night has come, and the sun has set,
And the clouds have drifted beyond the day.

What are you dreaming, my little maid?
For yours are beautiful thoughts, I know;
What were the words that the wild wind said,
And where, in the dark, did the cloud-ships go?

Come through the window and touch her hair,
Wind of the vast and starry deep!
And tell her not of this old world's care,
But kiss her softly and let her sleep.

Columbia Literary Monthly.

Two of a Kind.

HE:

DOWN in the glen
By the trysting tree,
Somebody's sister is waiting for me.
Under the stars,
In the dewy grass
Waiting for me — the poor little lass!

And I sit alone
In my cozy den,
A much better place than that clammy glen,
And I think of her tears
As she waits in vain
Till it seems almost cruel to give her such pain.

SHE:

Down in the glen
By the trysting tree,
Somebody's brother is waiting for me;
Waiting in vain,
Though it may seem cruel,
But how can I help it — the poor little fool!

I know I'm not faithful
As he is — but then,
Women are never as constant as men.
He'll never forgive me;
I know I'm to blame,
But he might have treated me some day the same.

WALTER TALLMADGE ARNDT.

The Badger.

To the Cigarette Girl.

YOUR motions all are sweet and full of grace
As daintily you roll your cigarette;
You smoke it with a pretty puckered face
That I, a mortal man, can ne'er forget.

It's jolly fun when you adopt our sins;
Pray never fear of being thought a "poke."
Your every mood sincerest worship wins,
And yet I wish, my dear, you didn't smoke.

H. F. H.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

A Game of Chess.

WE played at chess one wintry night
Beside the fire, that warm and bright
Was mirrored in her hazel eyes;
Methought a gleam from Paradise
Outshone the back-log's flickering light.

The hand that took my queen was white,
I trembled at its gentle might;
Nor sweeter game could Love devise —
We played at chess.

I scarce could see to play aright,
I took a pawn and lost a knight,
And then she gazed with mild surprise —
She said I was not shrewd nor wise;
And yet, to me, with strange delight
We played at chess.

ROBERT PORTER ST. JOHN.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

When Margaret Laughs.

WHEN Margaret laughs the world is gay,
All care is driven far away;
Her hat aslant, with roguish air,
A red carnation in her hair —
True daughter of the merry May.

The rosebuds of a summer's day,
The modest flowers along her way,
All seem to have a grace more fair
When Margaret laughs.

Oh, youth! for her so bright and gay,
Oh, years! that slip so fast away,
Keep her, I pray thee, fresh and fair,
Dainty, bewitching, debonair,
For life is but a holiday
When Margaret laughs.

GEORGE B. KILBOURNE.
Williams Literary Monthly.

The Captive.

I'VE sought for Cupid by day and night,
But he always contrived to elude me,
And kept discreetly out of my sight,
Nor showed his face, the crafty wight,
Nor e'er for a moment sued me.

And often while for his face I sought
I thought with a thrill I had found him,
By my little wiles and my coaxing caught,
Or even for gold ignobly bought,
With his arrows and bow around him.

But now my pulse gives a fresh, wild start,
And a throb of joyous surprise, dear,
As I see him, armed with his subtle dart,
A fellow prisoner with my heart,
In the depths of your hazel eyes, dear.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Columbia Spectator.

The Difference.

ALL in the days of long ago,
When Grandfather a-wooing went,
He looked a gallant, dashing beau,
And with his looks was well content.

He rode beside My Lady's chair
With gracious salutation,
He vowed she was divinely fair,
And told his adoration.

But now, alas, poor Grandfather
Would stand but sorry chances
Of passionately telling her
His bosom's sweetest fancies.

For since a wheel My Lady rides,
The bravest, gayest courtier
Would lose her, if he weren't besides
A fairly rapid scorcher.

H. K. WEBSTER.

Hamilton Literary Monthly.

The Lenten Maid.

HER wonted smiles are turned to frowns,
Her laugh a sigh,
Sackcloth and ashes for ball gowns —
Ah, luckless I.

While worldly thoughts away are gone, —
Her Lenten part, —
Does Cupid blunt his darts upon
A stony heart?

Ah, though her mirth and jollities
She puts aside,
The silent laughter of her eyes
She cannot hide.

S. R. KENNEDY.
Yale Record.

Wealth.

I LIKE pretty maids flushed with joy,
With glad hair blowing free.
They smile right kind on many a boy,
But only one on me.
But I have a penny, a fiddle, and Joan,
And my sweet Joan has me.

Meadow and flock, the wise folk said,
It never were right to miss,
But my maid Joan has a kirtle red
And a merry mouth to kiss.
And I can fiddle and Joan can sing,
And what were better than this?

The young men talk of getting and gold,
And lands far over the sea.
But I and my fiddle will never grow old,
And this is the life for me.
I have a penny, my fiddle, and Joan,
And my sweet Joan has me.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

Smith College Monthly.

Jamie's Word wi' the Sea.

(A-WAITIN' FER JINNIE.)

YE'LL no fret ye mair the noo,
Wull ye, sea?
Like ye've dune the winter through,
Roarin' at the sands and me.

Ye were wearyin' yersel'
Till her bit,
Wee, licht fuitstep by ye fell.
Ay, but lookee noo! an' quit!

Ken ye no the way she rins?
Hoo her hair,
Ower-muckle fer the pins,
Blaws aboot her everywhere?

Ye'll no stop yer clatt'rin' din?
Puir blin' thing!
Ye'll no see her happy rin;
"Jamie!" ye'll no hear her sing.

Hoots! Awa', ye loupin' sea,
  Doon yer sands,
Jinnie's callin' doon tae me!
  Jinnie's haudin' oot her hands!

ROBERT JERMAIN COLE.

Columbia Literary Monthly.

Lent.

PRISCILLA is a maid devout
In this repentant season,
And to the world and all its ways
Has vowed a pious treason.

Sweet little saint, so shy, demure! —
Though long I've tried to win her
I fear that I'm not in it with
Some other lucky sinner.

For when I begged she'd trust her heart
To me, and o'er her bent,
She blushed and softly murmured,
"How can I when it's Lent."

T. L. CLARKE.

Yale Record.

I Dream of Flo.

I DREAM of Flo, and memory, fleeting light,
Calls up the happy bygone days to-night,
The scent of lavender is faint in air,
(Ah, well-remembered flowers she loved to wear!)
My senses float afar in rapt delight.

How can I e'er forget that summer night!
'Tis not because her black eyes shone so bright,
Nor is it for the witchery in her hair,
I dream of Flo.

She promised me a cushion well bedight
With ruffles blue, and I, oh, luckless wight,
Must send to her — she said, exchange is fair —
My college pin in gold. Her cushion's where
With half-closed eyes I lie. Is't not aright
I dream of Flo?

ALBERT SARGENT DAVIS.

Yale Courant.

A Humble Romance.

HER ways were rather frightened, and she wasn't
much to see,
She wasn't good at small talk, or quick at repartee;
Her gown was somewhat lacking in the proper cut
and tone,
And it wasn't difficult to see she'd made it all alone.
So the gay young men whose notice would have filled
her with delight
Paid very small attention to the little girl in white.

He couldn't talk the theatre, for he hadn't time to
go,
And, though he knew that hay was high, and butter
rather low,
He couldn't say the airy things that other men re-
hearse,
While his waltzing was so rusty that he didn't dare
reverse.
The beauties whom he sighed for were most frigidly
polite,
So perforce he came and sat beside the little girl in
white.

She soon forgot her envy of the glittering *beau monde*,
For their common love of horses proved a sympathetic bond.
She told him all about the farm, and how she came to town,
And showed the honest little heart beneath the home-made gown.
A humble tale, you say, — and yet he blesses now the night
When first he came and sat beside the little girl in white.

JULIET W. TOMPKINS.

Vassar Miscellany.

Mendicants.

"FOOT-SORE, weary, o'er the hills
To your friendly door I come.
I'm a mother; in my breast
I have wrapped my only son.
Lady, blessed of the Three,
Give us shelter for a night.
Pure and wise they say thou art,
Pity one by fate bedight."

Calm and grave the maiden stood;
Eyed that weary mother long,
Drooping form, despairing face,
Eyes pathetic with great wrong.
"Enter," gently then she spake,
"Peace be thine from skies above,
Only I have closed my door,
Closed and barred it fast from Love."

By the hearthstone warm and bright
Sits the mother crooning low;
Ah! an arrow's silver gleam,
Flashes of a golden bow!

Soft she sways a dimpled child
Winged with down, and innocent;
"Hush thee, Eros, — sleep, my son,"
Sings her voice in glad content.

M. E. H. EVERETT.
Madisonensis.

With My Cigar.

WITH my cigar I sit alone,
Alone in twilight's undertone,
With wav'ring shadows growing deep,
While long-forgotten faces peep
Midst curling mists of smoke, now blown
Into a frame that doth enthrone
A face that from my heart hath grown.
Sweet mem'ries o'er my being creep,
With my cigar.

Those hazel eyes on me have shone,
Those roguish lips have pressed my own,
And this the harvest that I reap!
And this the sweetness that I keep,
To wake, to find the vision flown
With my cigar!

JOHN CLINTON ANTHONY.

Brunonian.

To Waltz with Thee.

TO waltz with thee, my pretty belle,
To silver music's magic spell,
Was such a strange unmixed delight
That I had wished the merry night
Into eternity might swell.

. . . . . .

Terpsichore ne'er danced so well!
Can all the Graces in thee dwell?
My soul was raised to such a height
To waltz with thee.

Enchanting strains now rose, now fell,
Thy charms what raptures would compel!
Thy feet were winged, thy figure slight,
Thy winning tread, entrancing, light,—
What bliss to me that night befell,
To waltz with thee!

GEORGE B. ZUG.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

To Maude's Guitar.

SWEET guitar, so old thou art
Thou seemest strange to modern eyes,
Yet in thy broad-backed cavern-heart
The softest music hidden lies.

Whene'er thy strings with gentle hand
I lightly sweep in deep-bassed chords,
There comes a breath of foreign lands
That seems to sing soft Spanish words.

Was Caballero's passion deep
E'er sung to thy rich-chorded bass?
Didst ever break señora's sleep
By music 'neath her window-case?

Somewhere — sometime, a song was sung
By lover bold or maiden fair,
So sweet, thou hid'st it deep among
Thy soulful strings, and kept it there.

Whoe'er it was, that distant day,
That loved to strike thy mellow strings,
Whoever sang that sweet love-lay,
Its echo still within thee rings.

Though Maude may vow she loves me not,
And jolly glees may lightly play,
I look beyond the surface thought,
And hear that echoing old love-lay.

L. C. STONE.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

Tantalizing.

HER rosy cheeks are pressed to mine,
Her gleaming hair lies on my shoulder,
Her arms are clasped about my neck,
And yet my arms do not enfold her.

Her throbbing heart beats loud and fast,
Her wistful eyes are gently pleading,
Her blushing lips are pursed to kiss,
And yet my lips are all unheeding.

I coldly loose her clinging arms,
And roughly from my side I shove her.
It's amateur theatricals,
And I must play the tyrant lover.

HENRY MORGAN STONE.

Brunonian.

Phantasy.

HER beaming eyes of deepest blue
Enthralled all who to Yale were true.
Her crimson lips, too, conquests made:
Fair Harvard's sons their homage paid,
And many a suitor came to woo
Petite Elaine.

I begged a kiss awhile ago;
The crimson lips, 'tis true, said "No,"
But in her eyes turned up to me
I read the answer differently —
The crimson never had a show,
Yale won again.

Yale Record.

Rosebuds.

SHE plucked a rosebud by the wall
And placed it in his outstretched hands;
It was love's token, that was all,
And he rode off to foreign lands.

He kept the rosebud in his breast,
And when the battle charge was led,
They found him slain among the rest,
The rosebud stained a deeper red.

But she, beside the wall that day,
A rosebud gave to other hands;
Nor thought of that one borne away
By him who rode to foreign lands.

Bowdoin Orient.

Bashful Johnny.

YOUNG bashful Johnny loved sweet May,
And went to court her every day,
But his tongue could never swear
He loved her true.
It seems to me, had I been there,
I'd vowed my love — now wouldn't you?

Sweet May would sit by Johnny's side
And all her thoughts to him confide,
Yet take her hand he'd never dare —
So near his, too.
It seems to me, had I been there,
I'd clasped it tight — now wouldn't you?

And May's red lips seemed to invite
Sweet kisses, but so bold a flight
He thought — yet wondered if she'd care —
Would never do.
It seems to me, had I been there,
I would have kissed her — now wouldn't you?

GEORGE G. GILLETTE.

Williams Literary Monthly.

Cupid's Blunder.

POOR Cupid froze his wings one day,
When winds were cold and skies were gray,
And clouds with snow were laden.
A little maid was passing by;
She caught the rogue, — he could not fly, —
O naughty little maiden!

She sent him off with sharpen'd dart,
To steal for her a certain heart;
But, oh, the mishap stupid!
Since Cupid's blind, and cannot see,
He went astray, and came to me.
O naughty little Cupid!

So that is why my heart is gone,
And I am dreary and forlorn,
With tears my eyes are laden.
She does not want my heart — ah, no!
I did not wish to have it go;
O Cupid, and O maiden!

GERTRUDE JONES.

Wellesley Magazine.

The Toll.

LOVELY Mabel, were you dreaming?
Glad the day you said to me,
Dancing eyes so brightly beaming,
"Give my love to dear Marie!"
What a strange exhilaration
To be bearer of your heart,
What a wonderful temptation
For a part.

For I have not tried to find her
Since you sent your love by me;
Day by day I think I'm blinder,—
Fruitless search, as you might see.
I wonder, if in sending,
If you choose your slave by chance,
What that twinkle was portending
In your glance?

Tell me, when I bear the treasure,
Would you very angry be
Should I keep a trifling measure
That was hardly meant for me?

For it's common in commissions
Some percentage of the whole
To extract from you patricians,
Just for toll.

JOHN BARKER.

Williams Literary Monthly.

Chansonette.

DIMPLED cheeks and scarlet lips,
Pink and dainty finger-tips,
Glowing blushes, fragrant sighs,
Looks dove-sweet from starry eyes,
These do show this saying true —
Maidens all were meant to woo!

Guerdon dear shall be his meed
Who will be Love's thrall in deed:
Strollings 'neath a mellow moon,
Whispers soft as rain in June,
Kisses, maybe, one or two —
Maidens all were meant to woo!

WILL L. GRAVES.

Makio

Triolet.

HE kissed me 'neath the mistletoe!
Of course I said it wasn't fair
To take advantage of me so,
And kiss me 'neath the mistletoe,—
But then, 'twas only Jack, you know,
And so I really didn't care!
He kissed me 'neath the mistletoe,
Although I said it wasn't fair!

GERTRUDE CRAVEN.

Smith College Monthly.

Song.

THE April sun smiles bright above,
The skies are deep and blue,
I walk among the growing fields
And dream, sweetheart, of you.
And as I go, from out the wood
A mocking-bird calls clear,
"Sweetheart, sweetheart," and I turn,
Half hoping thou art here.

Alas! the sunlight floods the earth,
Yet all is dark to me;
The flowers may gaily bud and bloom,
The earth be fair to see;
And "sweetheart, sweetheart," evermore
The mocking-bird may sing,
But in a fairer land thine eyes
Are opening to the spring.

R. L. EATON.
Morningside.

The Effigy.

AND so she smiles! — Nor frown nor pout
That look divine can put to rout.

I would, my love, thou wert but half
So constant as thy photograph!

P. P. S.

Parthenon.

Sotto Voce.

SING we of the summer,
Of the old, old days,
Of the reed songs and the murmur
Of the waterways.
Let thy song be merry, ever mine be sad;
Let thy sigh be airy, even ofttimes glad;
For then comes a sadness I cannot explain,
Like the deep-plunged echo of a sea's refrain;
And it dooms the sweetness
Of her winsome ways
To the dead completeness
Of the old, old days.

Sing, Oh! then with joyance,
Thou, my mandolin;
Drown each dread annoyance
Deep, thy soul within;
Whisper ever lowly of her glad, true eyes;
Sing her name, love, slowly, thou can'st sympathize;
Teach my heart, my wilful heart, the faith of peace,
Promising her constancy with time's increase.

Bar, Oh! break the sadness
  Of the doubter's sin;
Sing eternal gladness,
  Thou, my mandolin.

HAROLD MARTIN BOWMAN.

Inlander.

On Tying Daphne's Shoe.

TYING her shoe, I knelt at Daphne's feet;
My fumbling fingers found such service sweet,
And lingered o'er the task till, when I rose,
Cupid had bound me captive in her bows.

J. STUART BRYAN.

Virginia University Magazine.

II. COMEDY

Chappie's Lament.

I WALKED one day with Phyllith
  Ovah in Bothton town,
I in me long Pwinth Albert,
  She in a new Worth gown.

I talked that day with Phyllith,
  Ovah in Bothton town,
Of things intenth and thoulful,
  Begged her me love to cwown.

I pawted that day fwom Phyllith
  Ovah in Bothton town;
She'd be a bwothah to me, she said,
  But wouldn't be Mitheth Bwown.

FERRIS GREENSLET.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Marigold.

I LOVE confinement in thy bonds,
I love thy little stock to hold,
Thy very scent,
Aye, marigold!

I'll love confinement of thy bonds,
I'll love thy little stocks to hold,
Thy every cent,
I marry gold!

HENRY SAFFORD CANDEE.

Trinity Tablet.

An Idyl of the Strap.

SHE spoke to me, her voice was low
And sweet,
With hidden thought I could not know
Replete.
She cast on me a lingering look
That all my inmost being shook,
And, as our glances mixed, she took
My seat.

Red and Blue.

The Jim-Jam King of the Jou-Jous.

AN ARABIAN LEGEND.

Translated from the Arabic.

FAR off in the waste of desert sand,
The Jim-jam rules in the Jou-jou land:
He sits on a throne of red-hot rocks,
And moccasin snakes are his curling locks;
And the Jou-jous have the conniption fits
In the far-off land where the Jim-jam sits—
If things are nowadays as things were then.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

The country's so dry in Jou-jou land
You could wet it down with Sahara sand,
And over its boundaries the air
Is hotter than 'tis — no matter where:
A camel drops down completely tanned
When he crosses the line into Jou-jou land —
If things are nowadays as things were then.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

A traveller once got stuck in the sand
On the fiery edge of Jou-jou land;
The Jou-jous they confiscated him,
And the Jim-jam tore him limb from limb;

But, dying, he said: "If eaten I am,
I'll disagree with this Dam-jim-jam!
He'll think his stomach's a Hoodoo's den!"
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

Then the Jim-jam felt so bad inside,
It just about humbled his royal pride.
He decided to physic himself with sand,
And throw up his job in the Jou-jou land.
He descended his throne of red-hot rocks,
And hired a barber to cut his locks:
The barber died of the got-'em-again.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

And now let every good Mussulman
Get all the good from this tale he can.
If you wander off on a Jamboree,
Across the stretch of the desert sea,
Look out that right at the height of your booze
You don't get caught by the Jou-jou-jous!
You may, for the Jim-jam's at it again.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

ALARIC BERTRAND START.

Tuftonian.

Love up to Date.

I KNOW she loves me, though with scorn
She treats my adoration;
I know she loves me, though my suit
She checks with strong negation.

And this I know, with proof as sure
As though her lips had said it:
Her heart I have before my eyes,
And there I've plainly read it.

For cathode rays have stolen through
This maiden so deceiving;
And thus her heart I've photographed,
And seeing is believing.

S. L. HOWARD.

The Tech.

Miss Milly O'Naire.

SHE is not young and fair,
Nor has she golden hair,
Nor a dimple in each cheek,
If that is what you seek;
Hers is a gift more rare,
Miss Milly O'Naire.

She has not laughing eyes,
Blue as the summer skies,
Nor lips of cherry red,
On kisses to be fed;
No, it's not for these I care,
Miss Milly O'Naire.

She is not wondrous wise,
Seeks not for learning's prize.
'Tis true she knows no Greek,
And her English grammar's weak,
But why should I despair,
Miss Milly O'Naire.

So woo and win her I will,
For there's my tailor's bill,
  And creditors by the score;
  But they'll trouble me no more,
For she has a million to spare,
    Miss Millionaire.

WILLARD GROSVENOR BLEYER.

The Badger.

A Shy Little Maid.

A LOVE-LORN lad wooed a coy maid once,
All of a summer's day he plead;
Oft he spoke of the bonds of love — the dunce!
And she shyly shook her head.

When from his heart hope had almost fled,
He spoke of bonds he had in town.
Still the shy little maiden shook her head —
But she shook it *up and down.*

Trinity Tablet.

My Mistake.

I MET her on a Pullman car,
In section number nine;
Each eye shone like a morning star,
With radiance divine.
So when I placed my bags and traps
In section number ten,
She looked so tempting 'mid her wraps
I sought her face again.

She glanced at me with roguish pose,
Yet innocent of guile,
Then colored like a blushing rose,
And tried to hide a smile;
The sweet confusion but enhanced
Her dainty tint of pink,
And quite by accident she chanced
The nearest eye to wink.

When she refused my proffered card
With scorn and proud disdain,
I tried my best, and pleaded hard
My error to explain.

COMEDY.

She listened to my mumblings crude,
Then tossed her nose on high;
"I think," she said, "you'd wink, if you'd
A cinder in your eye."

E. P. G.
The Tech.

Sic Semper.

I SENT her a spoon,
She is married to-day;
The wedding's at noon.
I sent her a spoon —
And she loved me in June!
But that's always their way.
I sent her a spoon,
She is married to-day.

WILL L. GRAVES.
Makio.

A Modern Instance.

HER little hand in his he took,
All hot and quivering it was;
And noted how her eyes did look
Bright as a lucent sapphire does.

Within her dainty little wrist
Her pulse throbbed quick, as if her heart
Beat love's glad summons to be kissed,
Heart's first reveille since life's start.

Her oval cheeks were flushed with rose;
Her red lips parted for such breath
As hot from tropic spice lands blows;
Enough 'twas to have warmed old Death!

He gazed at her; he spoke — and she
Stuck out at him a small tongue's tip:
The family doctor old was he,
And she — he said she had *la grippe.*

Red and Blue.

An Echo from the 17th.

WHO builds de railroads and canals,
But furriners?
Who helps across de street de gals,
But furriners?

Who in de caucus has der say,
Who does de votin' 'lection day,
And who discovered U. S. A.,
But furriners?

FRANK TOURTELLOT EASTON.

Brunonian.

Ballade of Laura's Fan.

IT was never imported from France
With a dainty Parisian frou-frou,
Nor upon it do bull-fighters prance,
As only the Spaniards can do.
It was stencilled by no one knows who,
Yet *I'd* give all my coupons and rents
For that one precious keepsake from you —
The fan that cost $0.63.

On the staircase we sat out a dance,
Or twenty, for all that I knew;
At times on the bliss of my trance
The breath of the roses stole through.
But redder than rose-petals grew
Your cheeks, at my swift compliments;
So the softest of breezes it blew —
The fan that cost $0.63.

It all seemed like a fairy romance,
Below us the laughter and mu-
Sic, while now and again, such a glance
As is given on earth but to few

From the depths of your eyes, fond and true,
Set me dreaming of all their contents,
Till I woke, — something hid them from view,—
The fan that cost $0.63 !

ENVOY.

My queen, for your favor I sue;
If your heart through my pleading relents,
To your feelings pray send me one clue —
The fan that cost $0.63.

Harvard Lampoon.

Apparent.

WHEN I questioned young Smithson, a short time ago,
Why no longer he courted Miss B.,
He looked at me strangely, and smiled just a bit —
"The reason's a parent!" cried he.

ALBERT ELLSWORTH THOMAS.

Brunonian.

The Call of Duty.

AT early morn, a valiant knight,
On prancing charger, richly dight,
With helm and lance and armor bright,
Rose from his lordly halls:
"Now, in this region, round about,
There dwell three outlaws, strong and stout:
If luck be mine, I'll find them out!
For duty calls."

Friday, at three, another knight
(Knowing that ladies all delight
In music), shod with patents bright,
Steers clear of Music Halls:
"In Boston's Back Bay, round about,
There dwell three matrons, plain and stout:
If luck be mine, I'll find them out—
For 'duty calls.'"

R. C. ROBBINS.
Harvard Lampoon.

A Paradox.

'TIS a curious fact, but a fact very old;
You can keep a fire hot by keeping it coaled.

HERBERT ERNEST DAY.

Brunonian.

St. Valentine's Eve.

HE.

"I WILL write little Ethel some verses,
The love that I bear her to tell;
I've no money for tokens more costly,
I'm sure these will do quite as well.

"How pleased she will be when she gets them!
What a sweet little note I'll receive
In acknowledgment of the verses
I sent her St. Valentine's eve."

SHE.

"What a miserable jumble of phrases!
What chaotic verse do I see!
I wonder what could have possessed him
To send these effusions to me!

"Never mind, though, I'm sure they'll be useful,
And I think I know just about where."
So she took them, and twisted, and placed them
In the newly made curls of her hair.

E. W. BURLINGAME.

Yale Record.

Evidence.

OF all the lines that volumes fill,
Since Æsop first his fables told,
The wisest is the proverb old,
That every Jack must have his Jill.

But when the crowd that nightly fills
The down-town places, hillward goes,
To hear them sing, one would suppose
That every Jack had several gills.

B. O. H.

Cornell Magazine.

The Widow's Mite.

SHE was a widow stern and spry,
And brimming with lots of fight;
She married a little man five feet high,
And he died from the widow's might.

Columbia Spectator.

Lines to Her.

THERE are other fellows nearer,—
And some of them are dearer,—
Of those sad thoughts my heart has
not
a
doubt.

But I want to get in line
With my little Valentine,
So's not to let those fellows
cut
me
out.

CHARLES FLOYD MCCLURE.

Wisconsin Ægis.

A Sensible Serenade.

I SING beneath your lattice, love,
A serenade in praise of you;
The moon is getting rather high,
My voice is, too, my voice is, too.

The lakelet in deep shadow lies,
Where frogs make much hullabaloo,
I think they sing a trifle hoarse,
And I do, too, and I do, too.

The blossoms on the pumpkin vine
Are weeping diamond tears of dew;
'Tis warm, the flowers are wilting fast,
My linen, too, my linen, too.

All motionless the cedars stand,
With silent moonbeams glancing through,
The very air is drowsy, love,
And I am, too, and I am, too.

Oh, could I soar on loving wings,
And at your window gently woo!
But then your lattice you would bolt,
So I'll bolt, too, so I'll bolt, too.

L. M. L.

Columbia Spectator.

Love's Secret.

WELL I know she is not handsome,
She can neither sing nor dance,
But I strangely am attracted
By each careless nod and glance
Of my Madeline.

Quite a philanthropic feeling
Is my love, so true and rare,
For she's burdened with great riches;
In which burden I would share
With my Madeline.

From such heavy care to shield her,
Each and every purpose tends.
I will help to clip the coupons,
And I'll draw the dividends
Of my Madeline.

ROBERT PECK BATES.

Trinity Tablet.

Pity 'tis, 'tis True.

I SAT me down at leisure;
The ready waiter flew,
My order took suavely,
And shouted, "*Oyster stew!*"

The steaming dish was waiting,
The ready waiter flew;
Then rose I up in anger,
And left, — 'twas "oysters two!"

HERBERT WELCH.

Wesleyan Argus.

Broken Chains.

HE was tired of being shackled;
She was faithless, that was plain;
So his lawyer filed the papers,
And the papers filed his chain.

EUGENE A. COX.
Vanderbilt Observer.

Gory Gambols.

I LOVE my adversary's leg to kick,
To frisk upon his features with my feet,
Or bunt him in the stomach till he's sick—
All this is sweet.

I smile to hear his collar bone collapse,
Accompanied by his expiring screech;
To crack his ribs is happiness, perhaps,
Beyond all reach.

I laugh aloud when, in the scrimmage wild,
I smash the thigh bone of some lusty boy,
And see him borne off, helpless as a child—
That, that is joy.

My sturdy heel into his spine I jam,
To beat his mouth until he pouts at fate,
To punch him sternly in the diaphragm
Is rapture great.

Than to perceive his manly blood run red
No greater joy can unto me be given;
But at one kick to kick him down stone-dead—
That, that is heaven.

Lehigh Burr.

The Man without a Country.

THE "man without a country" was in such a sorry plight,
There wasn't any place on land where he might pass the night,
But if you'd like to see a man as badly off as he,
Who hasn't any place at all to stay on land or sea,
Who has no spot he may enjoy to any great extent,
Just wait until you see some time the man without a cent.

H. F. H.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

She Shook Her Head.

"MAY I kiss you, dear," a youth once cried,
Although scarce hoping what he said;
But the maiden turned away her eyes
And slowly, sadly, shook her head.

"But would you mind," he still went on,
"Now would you really care," he said,
"If I should kiss you?" and again
She turned aside — and shook her head.

J. P. SAWYER.

Yale Record.

Priscilla.

PRISCILLA in the garret loft
Of rare old silks and velvets soft
A heap espying, —
Forgotten hues of a by-gone day! —
The little maid in deft array
Carefully folds and lays away
With envious sighing.

Did they some rustic beauty grace,
A comely form and winsome face,
With footsteps flying?
Or does she sigh because a bride
They once adorned; now cast aside,
Left in the garret there to hide,
The dust defying?

Perchance her great-grandmother wore
Them hundred years ago and more —
Priscilla's crying!
"Come little maid, why this despair?
What makes those big tears standing there?"
"Ah, sir! because they will not bear
Another dyeing."

Yale Record.

Hard to Beat.

LAST night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat,
Methought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand into my soul
Could greater solace bring,
Than that I held last night, which was
Four aces and a king.

WILLIAM A. THOMPSON.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

That Sweet Girl Graduate.

SO stately and so dignified
She looks in cap and gown,
I hardly dare to speak to her,
This grad. of great renown.

I scarcely can believe my eyes!
It surely can't be she
Who always seemed so very shy,
So very coy to me!

But suddenly the spell departs,
And I give thanks to Fate;
For anxiously she asks me if
Her mortar-board's on straight.

Harvard Lampoon.

Faint Heart.

MY lady fair
Her golden hair
Lets fall a-down her shoulder.
I'd steal a tress, —
She's no redress, —
Were I a little bolder.

From her sweet lip
A bee might sip,
Sweeter than rose-leaf's savor.
A kiss I'd take, —
No cry she'd make, —
Were I a little braver.

Her neat, trim waist
Just suits my taste;
Close in my arms I'd fold her,
And clasp her tight, —
She'd feel no fright, —
Were I a little bolder.

She's waiting now
'Till I find how
To ask of her a favor.

COMEDY.

She'll be my wife,—
I'd stake my life,—
When I'm a little braver.

HARLAN COLBY PEARSON.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

A Spring Lament.

THE spring is come; warm breezes blow;
It doesn't make me happy, tho'; —
For seasons' changes only bring
To me the pain of ordering
Another suit. Style changes so!

This hat I'll hardly dare to show
Near "Easter bonnets;" it's too low;
I fear I must be purchasing;
The spring is come.

I'm glad to have the winter go;
I don't like ice, I don't like snow.
Green fields, bright flowers, and birds to sing,
Of course I like that sort of thing;
But still — it makes me blue to know
The spring is come.

LOUIS JONES MAGEE.
Wesleyan Argus.

A Street-Car Romance.

I WRITE to offer you my heart,
O maiden, whom I do not know.
Pray do not think me premature
In making known my feelings so,
For I have loved you steadfastly,
O damsel of the unknown name,
And all last night and half to-day
My passion has been in a flame.

'Twas not your face, though that is fair,
Nor yet your voice bewitched me so:
(I heard you ask the motor-man
How long before the car would go.)
I saw you on the car that went
From Harvard Square on Tuesday noon;
I don't believe that you saw me,
For you were reading the *Lampoon*.

And this is why I write to you:
To say that I am wholly thine,
I love you, for that first-page joke, —
The one you laughed at, — *that was mine*.

W. AMES.

Harvard Lampoon.

Applied Mathematics.

"MY daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave,
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,
And her dimple deeper grew.
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

Lehigh Burr.

The District Telegraph Boy.

HEAR the clatter of those feet;
See him coming up the street
On the trot!
He is going to the Greens;
No, he's going to the Dean's,
Is he not?

See the uniform of blue,
And the shiny letters, too,
On his cap.
I imagine he is quite
An intelligent and bright
Little chap.

What a careless tune he hums,
And how innocently comes
Hurrying.
Ah, how little does he know
Of the happiness or woe
He can bring!

Now he brings a hopeless sigh,
Now a sparkle to the eye,
Now a tear.
More of griefs, I think, than joys—
Why! the fateful little boy's
Coming here!

Goodness, how he pulls the bell!
He has some bad news to tell,
I'm afraid.
Oh, I hope it's not for me!
Alice, sign for it, and see
If it's paid.

It is surely not from Will,
For his morning smoke is still
In the air.
Has poor uncle breathed his last?
Has his weary spirit passed
From all care?

Then poor auntie is bereft,
And that sunny home is left
Fatherless.
Or old cousin Ed and May
'Ve gone and had another ba-
by, I guess.

COMEDY.

What if John has lost, poor man,
Little Clementine or Nan,
Or his wife!
Oh, the hopefulness, the fears!
Oh, the rapture! Oh, the tears!
Of this life!

I don't like the thing a bit;
I don't dare to open it;
How I shake!
Why, it's from that man of mine:
"*Will bring partner home to dine;*
Get a steak."

LOUIS JONES MAGEE.
Wesleyan Argus.

Relapse.

I STUDY Evolution,
And hear the teacher tell
How we have all developed
From an isolated cell;
And in the examination
Some fellows make it plain
Their principles will bring them
To the starting-point again.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD.

Sequoia.

Yale, A. D. 2000.

FAR from the ball-room's crowded throng
These two had strolled apart,
While he with fervor whispered of
Her image in his heart.

And that he might detain it there
Forever from that day,
Our Co-ed shyly gave to him
A Yale lock long and gray.

Yale Record.

In Maiden Meditation.

"WERE I a man," quoth Mistress Jane,
"Ah, would I were! — I'd drink champagne
And smoke — be dashing in my dress —
And let my roving eyes express
A love I never entertain.

"With rose lips near, I'd not refrain
From kissing. I would e'er maintain
That woman's 'No' is often 'Yes,'
Were I a man.

"Yet while I muse, it seems quite plain
That as I am I can't complain,
For Tom and Jack — they both confess —
Adore me. So I rather guess
I'd wish I were a girl again,
Were I a man!"

W. C. NICHOLS.

Harvard Lampoon.

"Three's a Crowd."

CRISP and hard lay the snow beneath,
The frosty air made young blood tingle,
As we glided over the polished road
To the sleigh-bells' merriest jingle.

We were warmly wrapped to our chins in rugs,
Fur-proof against winter's biting weather,
There was room in the sleigh for only two,
But — three of us sleighed together.

The moon from the clear, cold sky above
Flooded the snow with a golden glory,
And I whispered — for how could I refrain? —
The old, old, world-famous story.

Must have seemed quite a crowd, you say,
With three in the sleigh? Well you *are* stupid!
Three's a pleasanter company far, than two,
When the person who crowds you is Cupid!

Vassar Miscellany.

On Bills.

AT the first of the month I grow morbid and sad;
As I gaze on that pile I believe
In the saying that never was potent before —
"'Tis more blessed to give than receive."

Lehigh Burr.

A Senior's Plea.

"DEAR Father: Once you said, 'My son,
To manhood you have grown;
Make others trust you, trust yourself,
And learn to stand alone!'

"Now, father, soon I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they trust me, want their pay,
And I can stand a loan."

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD.

Trinity Tablet.

After the Game.

THEY played at cards on the yellow sand,
When the fields and the trees were green,
She thought that the trump was in her hand,
He thought that he held the queen.
But winter has come, and they both have strayed
Away from the throbbing wave —
He finds 'twas only the deuce she played,
She finds that he played the knave.

Columbia Spectator.

Old Days.

SING a song of old days,
Old days and true,
True days and bold days,
Deeds to dare and do.

Quarter-staff and buckles
Trip, turn and tread —
Tapped upon the knuckles,
Rapped upon the head.

Pouch and pocket-fillings,
Knavery and worse —
Oh, the crowns and shillings
In the miser's purse!

Tumbled into limbo,
Picking thro' the locks,
Fast with arms akimbo,
Stewing in the stocks.

Pretty maids a-laughing —
Here's to rosy lips,
Port and sherry quaffing
While the pottle drips.

Quaffing port and sherry,
  Jolly roaring blades,
Making gay and merry
  With the giddy maids.

Red blood and revel,
  Murder, love, and fraud, —
Dancing to the devil,
  Laughing to the Lord.

Bright gold and yellow,
  Meek maids and bold,
Old wine and mellow —
  Wine and maids and gold.

Light life and long life,
  Brisk life and brave;
Strong life and wrong life,
  Great to the grave.

Sing a song of old days,
  Sing them back again;
Kill the canny, cold days,
  Let us live like men.

Harvard Advocate.

A Reward of Merit.

THE father asked: "How have you done
In mastering ancient lore?"
"I did so well," replied the son,
"They gave me an encore;
The Faculty like me and hold me so dear,
They make me repeat my Freshman year."

Trinity Tablet.

A Fin de Siécle Girl.

SHE studies Henrik Ibsen "to cultivate her mind,"
And reads Shakespeare and Browning through
and through;
Meanwhile she knits her brows — it is the only kind
Of fancy work this modern maid can do.

Concordiensis.

Her Reason.

ONCE a learned Boston maiden
Was besought for one sweet kiss;
"Only one," he softly pleaded,
But the maid's reply was this:

"I am quite surprised you ask it,
When you know physicians say
That for spreading dire contagion
Kissing is the surest way.

"Though I own that what you ask me
Would be pure, unbounded bliss,
Yet, from hygienic reasons,
I cannot allow a kiss."

JAMES P. SAWYER.
Yale Record.

The Cruel Maid.

ONE summer night, in twilight dim,
A fellow wooed a maiden prim.
Around her waist, with some alarm,
The naughty man had put his arm.

Her dimpled hand he stroked awhile,
Then murmured low, with loving smile,
"Could e'er so soft a thing be found,
If all the world were searched around?"

With laughing eyes and flaming cheeks,
The maid replied, "'Tis just two weeks
Since I found out that you, my pet,
Have something that is softer yet!"

"That I? I have? Oh, can it be?
You darling, now I *do* love thee!"
Oh, Vanitas! No sooner said,
She put her hand upon his head.

A. BRADLEY.

Columbia Spectator.

A Football Tragedy.

SHE clung to him, the game was o'er,
Content was in her soul;
"Dear heart, I'm very happy now
That you have come back whole."

With gentle hand he smoothed her curls,
And tried to keep a laugh back;
"My dear, your joy is premature,
For I am only *half-back*."

University of Chicago Weekly.

It Was.

HE seized her in the dark and kissed her,
And for a moment bliss was his;
"Oh, my! I thought it was my sister!"
He cried. She laughed and said, "It is."

Yale Record.

A Summer Campaign.

I'VE travelled from the coast of Maine
To Jersey's balmy shore,
Nor have my efforts been in vain,
For maids I've won galore.

In mountain climbs I spent my breath,
On lakes and rivers, too;
I flirted here with coy Beth,
And there with lovely Sue.

No tournament, no sail, nor hop,
Without me was complete;
Nor from love-making did I stop,
Till all were at my feet.

The summer's gone upon the run,
Maids utter sighs in billows;
I've broken sixteen hearts and won
Just sixteen sofa pillows.

J. H. SCRANTON.

Yale Record.

From June to June.

TWO lovers 'mong the weedy brake
Were rowing — happy pair!
They drifted far upon the lake
To get the sun and air.

A year has fled. Again they float;
But one is now the pair,
And three are riding in the boat —
They bring their *son* and *heir*.

NORMAN STAUNTON DIKE.

Brunonian.

At the North Avenue Fire.

THE boy stood in the burning block,
Whence all but him had fled;
He smashed the china on a rock,
But saved the feather bed.

A. M. WHITE, JR.
Harvard Lampoon.

I Love My Love.

EVERY one thinks some face fairer
Than all others in the land,
Thinks this one alone is perfect,
Vows to her his heart and hand.

Then he sings in loudest praises
Of her wealth of golden hair,
Of her lips like ripest cherries,
She alone divinely fair.

But there's one that's quite forgotten,
One whose charms they fail to see;
Yet in my abject devotion
Fairest of the fair is she.

There's not one half so entrancing
Or so makes my poor heart thrill —
It is Martha Washington's picture
On a bright one dollar bill.

J. P. SAWYER.
Yale Record.

The Diva.

GONE are her bird-notes, thin she sings, and flat,
Enough to craze Concone or Scarlatti.
Where once she made our hearts go pit-a-pat,
To-day, alas, they only pity Patti.

S. F. BATCHELDER.

Harvard Lampoon.

Mathematical.

IN Vassar's halls a tutor young,
'Tis said, once met his fate;
He taught her in the Calculus
To differentiate.

They're married now — at meal-times oft
Discord invades their state;
For he has found that she with him
Would differ when she ate.

Lehigh Burr.

She Still Wins.

HE had worn a colored blazer on the Nile;
He had sported spats in Persia just for style;
With a necktie quite too utter,
In the streets of old Calcutta,
He had stirred up quite a flutter for a while.

The maids of Java flocked before his door,
Attracted by the trousers that he wore;
While his vest, a bosom-venter,
Shook Formosa to the centre,
And they hailed him as a mentor by the score.

On his own ground as a masher, on the street
He outdid a Turkish Pasha, who stood treat;
He gave Shanghai girls the jumps,
And their cheeks stuck out like mumps
At the patent-leather pumps upon his feet.

But he called upon a Boston girl one night,
With a necktie ready-made, which wasn't right;
And she looked at him, this maid did,
And he faded, and he faded,
And he faded, and he faded out of sight.

The Tech.

Her Present.

HE had hinted at diamonds, a fan by Watteau,
A fine water spaniel, — so great was his zeal,—
A chatelaine watch, or a full set of Poe,
And then at the end sent a padded *Lucile.*

F.

Harvard Lampoon.

On the Weather.

THE sultry stillness of a summer's day
Oppresses every sense. The droning bees
Alone the silence break, and restless play
The shadows of the gently swaying trees.

The very ripples in the stream are still,
Save now and then a low and gentle swash,
All which doth try me sore against my will —
So hot! And all my ducks are in the wash.

FERRIS GREENSLET.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Tom's Philosophy.

THE bridges mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean;
The lights of Boston mix forever
With a jagged motion;
Not a lamp-post near looks single;
All things, when in town I dine,
With weird, uncanny phantoms mingle,
Why not I with wine?

See the house-tops fall from heaven!
And that chimney hit the other —
A college man would be forgiven
If home he'd help a brother.
Is it the sun that shines on earth,
Or moonbeams that I see?
What are all my struggles worth,
Since I've lost my key?

Harvard Lampoon.

Fashion's Folly.

I KNEW a maiden fair and sweet,
  Whom I had loved for years.
At last one day I told her this,
  Although with many fears.

At first she did not say a word,
  Then in a pleasant way
She looked out to the west, and said:
"It *is* a pleasant day."

She had not heard a single word,
  She's told me since with tears;
She wore her hair, as some girls will,
  Down over both her ears.

S. W. CHAMBERLAIN.
Vassar Miscellany.

Christmas in Chicago.

THE girl from Chicago arose sharp at eight,
As her maid on the door was knocking;
She found a piano, a desk, and a slate
Concealed in the toe of her stocking.

A. M. WHITE, JR.
Harvard Advocate.

A Discovery in Biology.

I THINK I know what Cupid is:
Bacteria Amoris;
And when he's fairly at his work,
He causes *dolor cordis.*
So, if you'd like, for this disease,
A remedy specific,
Prepare an antitoxine, please,
By methods scientific.
Inoculate another heart
With germs of this affection,
Apply this culture to your own,
'Twill heal you to perfection.

MARY E. LEVERETT.

Vassar Miscellany.

Logic.

SAY, does Fact or Reason err,
And, if they both err, which the more?
The man of smallest calibre
Is sure to be the greatest bore.

Harvard Lampoon.

A Flirtation on the Cars.

I DID not even know her name,
Nor where she lived, nor whence she came —
'Twas sad, and yet
Was I so very much to blame,
That all my heart should start to flame,
And flare and fret?

She was so sweet, so passing fair,
With such a smile, with such an air —
What could I do?
A glance as shy, as debonair,
An eye as bright, a smile as rare,
I never knew!

And so I smiled across the aisle,
And met the winsome, merry smile
She sent so bold;
At last she laughed, then after while
She cooed aloud in friendly style,
"*I'm* free years old!"

University of Chicago Weekly.

Has It Come to This?

A YOUTH, with shining locks of gold,
And eyes than summer skies more blue,
With plaintive voice and modest mien,
Went forth to greet his sweetheart true.

And sang, in accents sweet and low,
Beneath her window (so says rumor),
"Than others art thou fairer far,
Du bist wie eine *bloomer*."

MARIE REIMER.

Vassar Miscellany.

And the Hammock Swung On.

"A IS the maid of winning charm;
B is the snug, encircling arm;
How many times is A in B?"
He questioned calculatively.
She flushed, and said, with air sedate,
"It's not quite clear; please demonstrate."

HAMILTON GREY.

Hamilton Literary Monthly.

The Critic.

"ARE *you* a LAMPOON man? Not really!
Oh, dear, though, I know you must be!
That's why you've been smiling so queerly —
My goodness, you're studying *me!*
Now, *what* have I said that is funny?
And oh, *will* you publish it soon?"
'Tis thus, with a voice sweet as honey,
She mentions the HARVARD LAMPOON.

"Indeed, yes, I see it quite often,
The pictures are *simply* inane;
The verses and jokes — they would soften
An average Vassar girl's brain.
Of course they are killingly comic;
I laugh, but I feel like a *loon!*"
And thus, with a fierceness atomic,
She censures the HARVARD LAMPOON.

"But then they are *bright*, I don't doubt them,
And *very* artistic, *of course!*
Outsiders don't know all about them,
You have to explain the — the — '*horse.*'

COMEDY.

Do send me that sweet book of 'pickings,'
I hear you will publish in June."
And thus she gives over her flickings,
And praises the HARVARD LAMPOON.

S. F. BATCHELDER.

Harvard Lampoon.

Her Leghorn Hat.

HER leghorn hat has rows on rows
Of ribbon, tied with charming bows.
The crown is wreathed in dainty green,
And from their leaves there peep between
Some rosebuds white as winter snows.

The brim's so large, whene'er it blows,
Her face is hid from friends and foes,
As all must know who once have seen
Her leghorn hat.

I wonder why it droops and flows
About her face; howe'er she pose,
It always serves her as a screen:
I cannot guess, and yet I ween
It keeps the freckles from her nose,
Her leghorn hat.

Yale Record.

Equivocal.

ON the wealthy Larica's worn features I wrote
In rhyme some extravagant praise.
The verses were spurned (and I'm in the same boat),
For I called them "Some *Lines* on Her Face."

BEN JOHNSON.

Brunonian.

A Problem.

MY love's face is exceeding fair,
With eyes like jewels bright;
Above, a wealth of flowing hair,
A golden crown of light.

With smiles more radiant than the sun,
My love frees me from care,
And yet, when all is said and done,
I'm driven to despair.

And if the reason you'd seek out
Why I should mournful be,
I'll tell you that I'm filled with doubt
Which girl is meant for me.

And yet I love but one sweet face, —
Oh, happy he who wins, —
But I, I'm in an awkward place,
My love, you see, is twins.

G. P. DAY.

Yale Record.

The Outward Shows.

SHE was the *première danseuse* of the ballet,
And she tripped the light fantastic like a fay;
She was so sweet and cunning,
And withal so very stunning,
That I was bound to meet her right away.

I went behind the scenes after the play,
And imagine my surprise as well you may:
This maid so sweet and cunning,
And withal so very stunning,
I'll swear that she was forty if a day.

Harvard Lampoon.

"As Ye Sow."

"WHAT awful debts are these, my son?
Not one cent more, forsooth!
I never was a rake like you
In the hey-day of my youth."

"Quite right you are," the sport replied;
"And yet you twist the truth,
For once you used to rake the fields
In the hay-day of your youth."

J. J. MACK, JR.
Harvard Lampoon.

On Afric's Golden Sands.

A WILD and warlike Zulu chief
Was he;
His costume was as brief as brief
Could be.
He vowed that he would woo and win
A maid,
But she skipped out and left him in
The shade.
At first she liked him; this was how
She ceased —
He simply *wouldn't* wear his trou-
Sers creased.

University Herald.

Two Simple Little Ostriches.

NOW we can talk. Thank goodness, that old bore
Who took me out is talking business o'er
With some one else. The roses were so sweet,
You reckless fellow. It's such fun to meet
Like ordinary friends, while no one knows
Our precious secret. Do you like my clothes?
They're new. You dear! I'm really looking well?
Why don't you like the sleeves? They're very swell.
"They're more offensive than my buzz-saw hat?"
What do you mean? O Jack! How simply flat!
They sha'n't keep you away, dear. Now take care!
No, keep your hands at home. *You've seen the Fair,*
Of course? They're listening, Jack. Do try to talk.
I'm glad they didn't have it in New York,
Aren't you? Two weeks of it was quite enough.
The Ferris Wheel. You wretch! 'Twas rather rough
To make me do it at all, while you sat back
And howled at me. When we are married, Jack,—
O dearest, please be careful! They will guess,
If you don't look less interested. Yes, yes,
You know I do. Oh, dearly. By and by
I'll give you three. Well, four. *Will Congress try*
To introduce new silver laws? Don't laugh!
I wish they could do something in behalf

COMEDY.

Of all the hungry people out of work.
You make me do it all, you wretched shirk.
Now I must leave you, dearest. Au revoir!
Don't stay forever over your cigar.

(THEIR VIS-A-VIS.)

It's not announced, but then we know it's on.
It's simply low — another good man gone!

JULIET W. TOMPKINS.

Vassar Miscellany.

Continuity and Differentiation.

WHENEVER in America
A girl is asked to wed,
She straightway says, "Go ask papa,"
And coyly droops her head.

And over in the Fatherland,
Where flows the terraced Rhine,
She whispers, while he clasps her hand,
"Ich liebe dich allein."

But up in Russia, where the snow
Sweeps hissing thro' the firs,
She simply murmurs soft and low,
"Bhjushkst zwmstk rstk pbjunsk pjbrs."

University Herald.

Deception.

AMONG her curls with wanton glee
The breezes play caressingly,
Catch up stray locks with cunning grace,
And as she turns aside her face,
Blow them about provokingly.

Then with a smile that's fair to see
She tries, and most coquettishly,
To stop the breeze's merry race
Among her curls.

But all in vain, for now one wee
Small lock escapes, and is still free.
And as I peer beneath the lace
I see, stowed snugly in its place,
A tiny switch put secretly
Among her curls.

Yale Record.

George Birthington's Washday.

THERE was a famous washing day, its action near the Hub;
A nation's raiment in the suds, a hero at the tub.
Then come, ye loyal patriots, and listen to my lay!
I'll sing of good George Birthington on this, his washing day.

"The time is come," said Birthington, "when wash we really must,
For, see our country's garments, how they're trampled in the dust;
And Liberty's bright tunic is so sadly soiled, I ween,
That nothing but a washing day will make it bright and clean."

The morning dawned, the washers came, the washing was begun;
The steam rose high, nor ceased to rise till cleanliness was won.
And now, though good George Birthington is gone to his repose,
The grateful country still recalls how well he washed her clothes.

FLORENCE E. HOMER.

Wellesley Lyrics.

The Freshman's Vacation.

HE had fished in the Aroostook,
And he'd trolled in the Walloostook,
And he'd angled in the Mattawamkeag,
He had hunted Lake Umbagog,
And spent weeks on Memphremagog,
For he'd sworn to bring the fish home by the bag.

All too soon the summer ended,
And his homeward way he wended,
And he left his tent within the shady vale;
But before he reached New Lyddom,
He took all his fish and hid 'em
In an envelope and sent them home by mail.

University Herald.

A Rondel.

"I'D draw the knot as tight as man can draw,
And firm I'd make it fast by every law;
Dearest, you need not speak your fond consent,
Your paleness and your blush so finely blent,"
He gently said; "tell me my happy lot:
I'd draw the knot."

But ere he could the eager phrase repeat, —
The phrase his manly fancy found so sweet, —
The modest maiden toward him turned her face:
Her eyes met his a moment's rapturous space, —
She spoke, her firm glance faltering scarce a jot,
"I'd rather not."

J. J. MACK, JR.

Harvard Lampoon.

The Ladye of the Lab.

HE fareth in a joyous wise
Where runs the road 'neath gentle skies —
How should his canine heart surmise
That where the red-roofed towers rise
The blood is red upon the slab?
His way is warm with sunlight yet,
He knoweth not the sun must set;
And he hath in the roadway met
The Ladye of the Lab.

How should he read her face aright?
Upon her brow the hair is bright,
Within her eyes a tender light,
Her luring hands are lily-white,
Tho' blood be red upon the slab;
Her calling voice is siren-sweet, —
He crouches fawning at her feet, —
It is a fatal thing to meet
The Ladye of the Lab!

And she hath ta'en him with a string
To where the linnets never sing,
Where stiff and still is everything,
And there a heart lies quivering

When blood is red upon the slab;
O little dog that wandered free!
And hath she done this thing to thee?
How may she work her will with me,—
The Ladye of the Lab!

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD.

Four-Leaved Clover.

Our Wrongs.

WHEN girls are only babies,
Their mammas quite insist
That they by us —
Against our wills —
Be kissed — kissed — kissed.

But when those girls
Are sweet eighteen,
Their mammas say we sha'n't,
And though we'd like to kiss them,
We can't — can't — can't.

C. F. H.

Williams Weekly.

A Snare and a Delusion.

BETWEEN the trees a hammock swings
On the lawn, at twilight's glow;
Oh, what bliss sweet memory brings
Of the days of long ago!

A dainty gown of spotless white,
Moulded to a faultless form,
Fashioned like a fairy sprite,
Riding on love's tidal storm.

In the gloaming, dim discerning,
We can faintly see the book;
Softly stealing, with love's yearning, —
Gracious heaven! it's the cook!

Yale Record.

At the Junior Promenade.

THE stars were out and the moon was bright
At the Junior Promenade,
But all the glories of starlit night
Were bated before the splendid sight
Of that merry throng — and my lady in white,
At the Junior Promenade.

Oh, she was tall and wondrous fair
At the Junior Promenade,
Her eyes were stars, and black was her hair,
Her cheeks shone red in the bright light's glare:
I worshiped her quite as I danced with her there,
At the Junior Promenade.

She waltzed with the grace of a goddess divine
At the Junior Promenade.
I held her close, her hand in mine,
My cheek touched the strands of her hair so fine,
A perfume arose from her lips of wine,
At the Junior Promenade.

Such seeds of love in my heart were sown
At the Junior Promenade,
Till soon came the end — I was left alone,
And then found out — what I cannot disown —
That I had made love to the chaperone
At the Junior Promenade.

CAREY CULBERTSON.

Syllabus.

El Dorado.

'TWAS a youthful would-be poet,
Gazing with enraptured air
Through the starlight, when a comrade
Found him standing silent there.

"Don't disturb me," was his answer,
When addressed, "Oh, let me be!
I am filled with heavenly raptures,
For I see infinity!

"Let me gaze until I'm sated,
For at last I've found a place,
Where there's absolutely nothing
Crowded out for want of space!"

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

Wisconsin Ægis.

The Conversion.

SHE told him surely 'twas not right
To smoke a pipe from morn to night.
"Indeed," cried he, "what would you, dear?
'Tis but to aid my thoughts of you."
"Why, then," she whispered, nestling near,
"Why, then, I love your old pipe, too."

R. W. BERGENGREN.

Harvard Advocate.

Were It Only Now.

I 'M sitting musing in my room,
The snow is on the ground;
The moon has hid her face to-night,
And darkness is profound.
'Twas somewhat such a night as this,
A little darker, though,
I asked Bess to go sleighing, and
She said that she would go.

But just as we were starting out,
Said she, "For just us two"
(A smile played round her mouth) "I think
It much too dark, don't you?"
I did not know their wiles as yet,
I was so young and slow;
But thought she really meant it, and
I stammered, "I — think — so."

She cast at me a pitying glance,
Then in the house we went;
The balance of that evening was
In conversation spent.

. . . . . .

Since then she's always been polite,
  And cordial, too, you know;
But from that time I realize
  I've never had a show.

A. W. BELL.
Yale Record.

Her Thanks.

SHE thanked them all for everything,
From Christmas card to diamond ring;
And as her gifts she gaily flaunted,
She told her friends, "Just what I wanted."

But I, who had no cash to blow,
Just kissed her 'neath the mistletoe.
She blushed a bit, yet never daunted,
Repeated low, "Just what I wanted!"

M. D. FOLLANSBEE.
Harvard Lampoon.

An Idyl.

HE stands before his glass in doubt;
His beard by night hath sprouted well.
He needs must scrape, — and yet without
He hears begin the lecture bell.
Too many times he's skipped the course —
He fears its doors on him may shut:
His blade is dull. Now which is worse,
To cut and shave, or shave and cut?

Harvard Lampoon.

"When?"

WHEN Harvard's crimson cohorts came
From classic Cambridge down,
And Eli's lovers of the game
Forsook their leafy town,
And met on neutral ground to claim
The football victor's crown,

I carried Rose to see the sight,
The pageant's grand review;
We watched the struggling heroes fight,
The crimson and the blue;
The crowd was yelling with delight,
And fierce the contest grew.

First Yale rose up, an azure sea,
And shouted through the din;
Then Harvard yelled triumphantly,
And each was sure to win,
When Rosa, smiling, said to me,
"When does the game begin?"

E. A. BLOUNT, JR.
Columbia Spectator.

An Unfortunate Phrase.

HE sent her twelve Jacqueminot roses,
All fragrant and blooming and fair,
That nestled so sweetly and shyly
'Neath smilax and maidenhair.

She sent him a letter to thank him,
On paper just tinted with blue —
"The flowers are still very fresh, John,
When I see them I think of you."

She posted her letter that morning,
He got it that evening at ten.
She can't understand what has changed him,
For he called on her never again.

F. S.

Columbia Spectator.

Lines to a Monkey.

(After reading Darwin.)

IT seems quite funny to reflect,
And yet what else could we expect
(If Darwin's true),
That my primeval grandmamma
And prehistoric grandpapa
Looked just like you.

How any one could ever see
Relationship 'twixt you and me
I can't explain.
You're such an awkward little beast,
Your features are (to say the least)
So very plain.

And since the rule's considered poor
That doesn't work both ways, I'm sure
As I can be,
That ages hence, if earth endures,
Some distant relative of yours
Will look like me.

HENRY RUTGERS CONGER.

Williams Literary Monthly.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

ANCIENT.

COMPLEXION like the winter snow,
  Just tinted by the sunset glow,
  Throat white as alabaster,
Teeth of pearl, and hair of gold,
And figure — sure in Venus's mould
  Th' immortal gods have cast her.

And I am proud her slave to be,
And deem it high felicity
  To die, if she should will it so.
Ye fates! to-night propitious be,
For I approach divinity:
  My life depends on "Yes" or "No."

MODERN.

Stunning girl,
  Out of sight.
Guess I'll pop
  Tuesday night.
Bully shape,
  Pretty eyes;
Papa's rich,
  Quite a prize.

COMEDY.

Sure to have me,
  Can't say no;
Lots of rocks—
  It's a go.

R. L. RAYMOND.
Harvard Lampoon.

Nightmare of a Freshman Sign Swiper.

HE turned and tossed upon his bed,
Repose he could not find,
For all night long such things as these
Kept coursing through his mind.

"Keep off the Grass," and "Beer on Draught,"
"H-O," and "Pyle's Pearline;"
"Look out for paint," and "Use Pear's Soap,"
Were signs which he had seen.

And in the midst of all of these
A demon seemed to dance,
Who asked him with a fiendish grin,
"I say, 'Do you wear pants?'"

W. D. FLAGG.

Harvard Lampoon.

What the Wild Waves Said.

DO you hear the ocean moaning,
Ever moaning sad and low?
'Tis because that fat old bather
Stepped upon its undertow.

University Herald.

A Decision.

AS a maid so nice,
With step precise,
Tripped o'er the ice,
She slipped; her care in vain.
And at the fall,
With usual gall,
The schoolboys call,
"Third down; two feet to gain."

ARTHUR LLEWELLYN ENO.

Brunonian.

The Thorn that Guards.

FAR in the corner on the stairs,
We were sitting together, she and I;
The murmuring music was soft and low,
Like zephyrs that float 'neath a summer sky.

She held in her fingers a deep red rose,
And was plucking the petals, one by one;
Her eyes were filled with the dreamy light
That softens the west when the day is done.

"Ah, Mildred, you are a bud yourself;
Its blushing sweetness is wholly thine;
Cannot you let me press the flower,
And keep it forever, and call it mine?"

The fair lips trembled, the dimples smiled,
Her eyes told clearly that I had lost;
But my heart still hoped, till she gently sighed,
"You forget what *American Beauties* cost."

T. G. P.

Cornell Era.

A Kiss.

"A kiss it is a poeme faire." — *Old Song.*

A KISS is not like the poems at all
Which I drop through the editor's office door;
For I like it as well "returned with thanks,"
As "accepted, with a request for more."

L.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

The Modern Book.

EXTREMELY small or of giant size,
Bound in vellum or boards antique,
The pages of paper made by hand
With deckle edge and shape unique;
Margins four inches wide, at least,
And straggling o'er the page a line
Or two (no more), of beautiful print
In type advertised as "our own design."
You pay a price exorbitant
This cherished morsel to procure;
You get a gem of the bookman's art
And five cents' worth of literature.

M. R.

Vassar Miscellany.

His Father Took Him Home.

"I WAS always so poor in Greek,"
He played the guitar,
"A 'dec' I never could speak,"
He won every race,
"My Latin I have to 'horse,'"
In football a star,
"The German is 'cribbed' perforce."
He played second base.

S. J. R.
Madisonensis.

Beautiful Sprig.

SPRIG, sweet Sprig, is cobig;
For I feel it id the air,
See, the groud is gedtly thawig,
Bud ad slush are everywhere.

Dow I doff by widter fladdels,
Ad I dod by subber close;
Thed for weeks ad weeks together
Vaidly try to blow by dose.

J. P. WELSH.

Harvard Lampoon.

III. COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

The Way of It.

A LITTLE learning, scattered o'er
A frolic of four years or more,
Then — Presto, change! — and you create
The sober college graduate!

Yale Record.

Comfort.

WITH pipe and book, an old armchair,
A glowing hearth, what need I care
For empty honors, wealth or fame ?
Grant me but this: an honest name,
A cup of ale, a coat to wear,
And then, while smoke wreaths rift the air,
The banquet of the gods I share,
Content to sit before the flame
With pipe and book.

Above the city's noisy glare,
Yet sweet, tho' humble, is my fare;
For changing not from praise to blame,
These faithful friends are still the same —
No earthly comforts can compare
With pipe and book.

CHARLES E. MERRILL, JR.

Yale Courant.

A Hero.

OUT into the mud and the wet he goes,
My hero, tall and strong;
Under his jersey the muscle shows,
And, Samson-like, his dark hair grows
Delightfully thick and long.

Out from his feet the black mud flies,
His jacket is far from white;
Bother these boys with their dapper ties,
Who come and compel me to turn my eyes
Away from a nobler sight!

The hills are red with the western sun,
The twilight comes like a dream;
But until the practice work is done
I strain my eyes for his every run,
And I know he will make the team.

I envy the fellow who keeps his cap,
With so little appreciation,
While I stroll back with a soft-tongued chap
Whose muscles I know aren't worth a rap,
And whose hair is an imitation.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD.

Four-Leaved Clover.

To the Faculty.

YOU tell us in philosophy
That time does not exist,
That 'tis but a film of fancy,
A little mental mist.

And space — why, space is nothing
More than mere mode of thought,
A sort of mental telescope
Our feeble minds have wrought.

Well, if that's true, Respected Sirs,
I'll breakfast at my ease,
And think myself in chapel
Just as often as you please.

H. K. WEBSTER.

Hamilton Literary Monthly.

Her Answer.

"MAUD, take my heart!" cried Algernon.
(Maud goes to Barnard College.)
She said, "You know I'm wedded to
A noble search for knowledge.

"I cannot take your heart, Al, but —"
He saw her eyes with pleasure beam —
"I'm much obliged. You've given me
A subject for a daily theme."

C. H.

Columbia Literary Monthly.

"Give Me the Town."

GIVE me the town; let others go
Where babbling streams of water flow,
Where soars the lark on daring wing
(I'd rather hear De Reszke sing),
And where sweet-scented breezes blow.

I love to be where, to and fro,
Weary or eager, fast or slow,
The *human* tide is eddying;
Give me the town.

The balls, the theatres, the row,
Who would not find amusement so?
Here's where a man can have his fling,
Can drink the dregs of — everything.
Would you change this for Surrey? Oh,
Give me the town.

MARY HELEN RITCHIE.

Bryn Mawr Lantern.

I Flunked To-day.

I FLUNKED to-day. "I'm not prepared,"
Was all I said. Still less I cared.
No more I strive the depths to try,
Or drink the fount of wisdom dry;
Yet once at learning's court I fared;

There with the best my work compared;
My weary brain was never spared.
But now, — some one could tell you why
I flunked to-day.

As once to college I repaired,
A half-veiled glance my heart ensnared.
I felt my love (for knowledge) die;
And thus it was without a sigh
I flunked to-day.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Columbia Spectator.

Ring from the Rim of the Glass, Boys.

RING from the rim of the glass, boys,
Ripples of tinkling tones;
Drink to the heyday of youth, boys,
Mindless of after-moans.

Over the rim of the glass, boys,
Gaze into eyes that are bright.
Drink with each sip of the wine, boys,
Passionate gleams of delight.

Sing to the rim of the glass, boys,
Chorus wherever we roam.
Drink in its sparkling-eyed depths, boys,
A love as light as its foam.

Kiss the rim of the glass, boys,
Blind to its siren-gleam.
Drink in its shading depths, boys,
The wav'ring forms of a dream.

Then ring from the rim of the glass, boys,
Ripples of tinkling tones.
Drink to the heyday of youth, boys,
Mindless of after-moans.

JOHN CLINTON ANTHONY.

Brown Magazine.

Comforting Reflections of a Nonentity.

I CANNOT boast of learning deep,
Nor can I much to art aspire;
My poetry loses me no sleep,
Nor oratory's burning fire.

I do not row upon the crew,
Nor on th' eleven glory win;
I am not of the chosen few
Who sing or play the mandolin.

I am not any social star,
But then — within my certain knowledge,
Like me, unknown to fame, there are
Some fifteen hundred men in college.

S. M. WILLIAMS.

Harvard Lampoon.

When Witherspoon Was President.

THEIR manners had a formal cast
A century or more ago,
Their bow was suited, as they passed
To place in Academic row.
With "honored sir" and "humbly so,"
Their speech was truly reverent —
True learning did true grace bestow,
When Witherspoon was president.

The clothes they wore would now be classed
At best as but a curio,
Huge buckles held their slippers fast —
Low cut and pointed at the toe.
Gray-powdered hair, small-clothes below,
A long blue coat fresh splendor lent —
In sooth they made a goodly show
When Witherspoon was president.

But when the trumpet's warring blast
Had knelled the fate that tyrants know,
They proved no laggards at the last,
And sprang to meet their country's foe.

Their master's words undying glow —
" To slavery there's no consent,
My fame, my life is on the throw — "
When Witherspoon was president.

Aye, manners, customs, clothes may flow,
Unchanging is such sentiment —
We would have done as they, I trow,
When Witherspoon was president.

DAVID POTTER.

Nassau Literary Monthly.

My Pipe Is Out.

MY pipe is out; the hour is late,
And sitting lonely by the grate
Sweet thoughts that led their circling train
In puffs cerulean 'round my brain
Have flown, and left me to my fate.

No more the form of lovely Kate
Floats in the smoke-rings I create;
And this the cause of all my pain,
My pipe is out.

How can my pen the woes relate
That on these happy moments wait?
With eager eyes I look again
Within my empty pouch, — in vain!
So I must cease to meditate,
My pipe is out.

HERBERT MULLER HOPKINS.

Columbia Spectator.

At the Race.

SHE wore a little knot of blue,
He waved a flag of red;
With all her heart she would be true
To Yale — she said.

And as she spoke a dainty flush
Gave token of her pride;
He thought the crimson of her blush
Her words belied.

So while he watched her blushes start —
"Deny it if you will,
Your blood — yes, even in your heart —
Is crimson still."

She turned and spoke, her voice was low,
And yet it pierced him through —
"Sir, pardon me, I'd have you know
My blood is blue!"

Yale Record.

To an "Instructor."

TREAT not with such wanton disdain
The title of which you're possessor,
Nor sorrow, because you remain
Instructor instead of "Professor."

Content you should be to be known
As one of enlightenment's ductors,
Rememb'ring how oft we bemoan
Professors who are not instructors.

HARRY S. FURBUR, JR.

Syllabus.

As Usual.

OH, the gay and festive Freshman has appeared
upon the scene, —
'Tis not the monster jealousy that makes him look so
green,
'Tis not the fumes of rum that give his nose that
ruddy glare,
But the boy has caught hay-fever from the hay-seed
in his hair.

The blush upon his cheek is not the bloom upon the
rye,
But tells of health and happiness, and johnny-cake
and pie.
The firm, elastic tread with which the boy is wont to
roam
Comes from running on a steep side hill to drive the
heifers home.

The funny tales he'll have to tell of cows that get
astray
Will all be sure to help him in a purely social way;
And all the strength that he's acquired from milking
them each trip
Will come in mighty handy when he tries to learn
the grip.

For father will go barefoot, and mother dear will scrub
The neighbors' dirty linen within a sudsy tub,
And Jane will wear no Sunday hat, and Jim no Sunday tie,
So Sam can go to Harvard to adorn the Zeta Psi.

Then nearly every morning, at the druggist's, for a bluff,
He'll ask the clerk for vichy, to make him think he's tough.
That boy will smoke a cigarette, and quite forget the plow!
And mother will not know her son a year or so from now.

Harvard Lampoon.

Speed.

THEY tell how fast the arrow sped,
When William shot the apple,
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for chapel?

Trinity Tablet.

A Senior Schedule.

WE'RE a-studying of Literature
As hard as e'er we can;
We dote on Revolutions
And the Brotherhood of Man.

We're returning to the People
With a truly Lyric Cry;
And for Democratic Spirit
We'd lay us down and die.

We're a-reading of Philosophy
To find out why we be,
And a-learning that External Worlds
Lie wholly in the Me.

We don't believe in Matter,
And of Mind we're not quite sure;
We're inclined to think Uncertainties
Most likely to endure.

We're a-studying Geology
Of Pre-historic Times,
Before the Tides of Primal Sea
Got written into rhymes;

When the "Old World spun forever,"
  And the poets never knew it, —
And all the Rocks, and Stones, and Things,
  Were nicely mixed up through it.

We're a-looking at Fine Pictures
  Made by People what are dead;
And we criticize Cathedrals
  With a Ruskin at our head.

We're a-growing awful learnèd, —
  There's lots more of the kind, —
But we do not mind confessing
  That it's all a Beastly Grind.

MARY HOLLANDS MCLEAN.

Wellesley Lyrics.

A Change of Heart.

I KNEW he cut his classes, and I'd heard him flunk in history,
And how he dared say "not prepared" so often was a mystery.
He'd sometimes cram for an exam., but seldom knew a word in it.
His parted hair grew long and fair; I thought he looked absurd in it.

I felt regret whene'er we met, and bowed with utmost gravity;
I didn't dream he'd joined the team — I thought him all depravity.
So when I found, at Haight Street ground, how great was his agility,
I oped my eyes in marked surprise, amazed at his ability.

He tackled hard, gained many a yard, place-kicked and charged successively;
He turned the edge of the flying wedge, and interfered aggressively!

He bucked the line! I thought it fine, and shouted
out excitedly;
He passed the ball behind them all! I saw the
scheme delightedly.

He slipped about the line without a thought of trip
or fumbling,
When to the din of tooting tin a crowd on him came
tumbling.
I felt a chill, my heart stood still, when those mean
boys fell down on him,
His clothes were torn, his nose-cap gone, and streaks
of black and brown on him.

He scored a touchdown then, and such a frenzy I
did never see;
It made the umpire's whistle dumb, and overwhelmed
the referee.
Then when he punted out in front, though hoarse
with loud admiring,
I with delight yelled, "He's all right!" for they were
all inquiring.

The game was won, and we'd begun to cheer each
man respectively;
We rah! rah! rahed! and blew horns hard, and shook
our flags effectively;

His eyes shone bright, as left and right they called
to him vivaciously;
I my disdain recalled with pain, and waved my ban-
ner graciously.

Now let him miss the German quiz, and fail to pass
astronomy,
To football lore what's physics or political economy?
To have him bow is rapture now, to be o'erlooked
adversity;
To catch his smile is worth the while attending
University.

HENRIETTA L. STADTMULLER.

Sequoia.

Drinking Song.

LET sparkling wine o'erbrim the glass,
And kiss its lips in haste to fly;
But though it would to glory pass,
It is not eager as am I.
I fain would drain the utmost drop,
And leave the beaker's hollow bare,
For when I turn its foot atop,
I see my true love's image there.

Each bubble of the dancing wine
Symbols a love-kiss softly given,
And rising upward is a sign
That earth hath joys to equal heaven.
Ah! were the cup a league in rim,
And deep as is the ocean's blue,
I'd hold its girth were all too slim
And wine of kisses thrice too few.

B. A. GOULD, JR.

Harvard Lampoon.

Four Valentines.

TO-MORROW is the day for valentines;
Then let me leave my thesis for a space,
Lower the lamplight on these weary lines,
And dream a little in the shadowed place.
In my three years at college, I have named
My Valentine and kept the season thrice;
The jolly saint himself is to be blamed
If I have never had the same one twice.

In Freshman days, with all about me strange,
And home's sweet halo shining on my way,
My heart had never known the sense of change,
And one dear face was with me day by day;
So, when the time was here, I wrote my verse
And drew the heart and arrow up above,
And, happy in the thought I might do worse,
I sent it off to Mother with my love.

When I had felt the thrill of Sophomore days,
My thoughts were given to a dainty maid
At college with me, and in woodland ways
And quiet music-rooms my court I paid.

But, with my Junior dignity, I chose
  My Queen abroad, within the city's glare,
Forgot the violet for the gayer rose,
  And lost my heart and pocket-money there.

Saint Valentine, those days were long ago;
  Your power is lost upon this penitent,
For, with my Senior gravity, I know
  That life means more than your light sentiment.
And yet, this once, your day shall have from me
  Some of the old observance, though I scoff;
My thesis waits, — my Valentine shall be
  The old-maid sister of my major prof.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD.

Sequoia.

The Banjo Fiend.

THERE is a fellow across the way
Who plays the banjo night and day,
And all you ever hear him play,
Is plunk, plunk, plunkety, plunk, plunk.

He plays along with might and main,
Be it foul or fair, be it snow or rain,
And, oh! it is that constant strain,
That plunk, plunk, plunkety, plunk, plunk.

You sit here in your room and swear,
But he can't hear, nor does he care,
Only goes on playing that same old air,
The plunk, plunk, plunkety, plunk, plunk.

It is his hope that some fine day
On the Banjo Club they'll let him play,
But he won't if we have aught to say,
With his plunk, plunk, plunkety, plunk, plunk.

WILLARD GROSVENOR BLEYER.

The Badger.

Varium et Mutabile.

I SAW her going to the game,
Her eyes were bright, her cheeks aflame,
And o'er her shoulders lightly fell
A Princeton scarf, her choice to tell.

I saw her when the game was o'er,
A loyal Nassau maid no more;
To Yale, the victor, now she's true —
Her yellow scarf was lined with blue.

J. P. SAWYER.

Yale Record.

In His Own Country.

I MADE myself a poet in the place,
And blithely sang of college life and ways,
The pleasure of the undergraduate pace,
And all the joy between the holidays;
No care spoke ever in my careless song,
From graver strains I kept my pipe apart,
And played the upper notes; ah, was it wrong
To dream my music reached the student heart?

Upon a day one said, with kind intent:
"Why sing forever of these trivial things?
For better music was your piping meant;
Will you confess such earth-restricted wings?
Strike some Byronic chord, sublime and deep,
Find in ethereal flight the upper air,
And speak to us some word that we may keep
Within our hearts and ever treasure there!"

Then, with one pang for wasted hours, I gave
Another meaning to my faltering lay,
And sang of Life and Pain, an early grave,
Hope and Despair, and Love that lives alway;

But when I listened for an echoing heart,
I saw all other lips with laughter curl,
And heard them whisper jestingly apart,
" He's got it bad, poor fool; we know the girl! "

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD.

Sequoia.

His Letter.

"DEAR Father:
Please excuse," he wrote,
"The hurried shortness of this note,
But studies so demand attention
That I have barely time to mention
That I am well, and add that I
Lack funds; please send me some. Good-by.
Your loving son."
He signed his name,
And hastened to the — foot-ball game.

W. R. HEREFORD.

Harvard Lampoon.

The Unwilling Muse.

OH, nothing in all life worse is,
For abating superfluous pride,
Than having to scribble on verses
With the editor waiting outside;
I am hearing a lecture on Shelley,
Where I ought to be able to dream,
But my brain is as vapid as jelly,
And I cannot alight on a theme.

The bell rings. My friend, the Professor,
Is beginning to read out the roll.
How time drags! Am I present? Oh, yes, sir,
But, oh, what a blank is my soul.
I fear that my cunning has left me,
Inspiration refuses to guide,
The muse of her aid has bereft me,
And the editor's waiting outside.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Columbia Spectator.

A Written Lesson.

I WAS happy that day,
For I knew what to say,
And I knew how to tell it;
But I found with dismay,
As is always the way,
When I know what to say,
And know how to tell it,
That I know what to say
But I never can spell it.

S. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Vassar Miscellany.

The Ideal Co-ed.

THE ideal co-ed is a thing of books,
A creature of brain entirely;
With stooping shoulders and studious looks,
She digs all day and half the night;
People say she is wondrous bright,
But her figure's an awful sight!
Her thoughts are deep in the classic past,
She only thinks of A. B. at last;
She has fled this world and its masculine charms,
And a refuge found in Minerva's arms.

Now, the kind of co-ed that I describe
Is a co-ed seen very rarely;
The real co-ed's a thing of grace,
With dainty figure and winsome face;
She walks and rides, and she cuts, mon Dieu!
But every professor lets her through;
For her each year is a round of joy,
A. B. means nothing if not "A Boy,"
And you and I must yield to her charms,
And take the place of Minerva's arms.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD.

Stanford Quad.

Conditioned.

DEAR old pipe, my oldest friend,
Brier of darkest hue,
How I long to smoke and dream —
I'm in love with you.

Good old beer, an oft-tried friend,
Best and choicest brew,
How I long for you again —
I'm in love with you.

Laughing lips and rosy cheeks,
Eyes of deepest blue,
You I long for most of all —
I'm in love with you.

Tempt me not, my dear old friends,
I have work to do —
Four conditions in a term —
For I loved but you.

Brunonian.

Evening on the Campus.

BEHIND a screen of western hills
The sunset color fades to-night;
Along the arching corridors
Long shadows steal with footsteps light.
The banners of the day are furled;
Thro' darkening space the twilight creeps
And smooths the forehead of the world
Until he sleeps.

The oak-trees closer draw their hoods;
A bird, belated, wings his dim,
Uncertain flight, and far above
A star looks down and laughs at him;
The sky and mountains melt in one;
Tall gum-trees range their ranks around;
The white walk marks its length upon
The velvet ground.

From out the dusk the chimney points,
Like guiding finger, to the skies;
Down drops the curtain of the night,
And all the plain in darkness lies,

When, as the college buildings seem
To lose their form in shapeless mass,
The lights shine out as poppies gleam
Amid the grass.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD.

Four-Leaved Clover.

Philosophy.

SHALL I grieve because a maid
Swore to love me — failed to do it?
When we both are old and staid,
I shall laugh — and she shall rue it.
Shall I grieve, if for a prize,
Strive my best — I fail to win it?
In the world where honor lies,
Medal men are seldom in it.

C. W. CRANNELL.
Garnet.

Bed During Exams.

(With Apologies to Mr. Stevenson.)

I USED to go to bed at night,
And only worked when day was light.
But now 'tis quite the other way,
I never get to bed till day.

I look up from my work and see
The morning light shine in on me,
And listen to a warning knell —
The tinkle of the rising bell.

And does there not seem cause to weep,
When I should like so much to sleep,
I have to sing this mournful lay,
I cannot get to bed till day?

CLARA WARREN VAIL.

Bryn Mawr Lantern.

Under Two Flags.

IT'S all very well
For a boy, who can yell
For his own special college through all, without fail.
How can I be true
To the red or the blue,
When Will is at Harvard, and Tom is at Yale?

When one comes to call,
I must stop in the hall
To see that his pin's in a prominent place.
They're both on the crew,
And I'm all in a stew,
For I'm pledged as a mascot for both in the race!

Dear Will's such a swell,
And he dresses so well,
(Tom says that he puts on a great deal of dog),
His tenor is fine
And his waltzing divine.
But you ought to see Tom do his skirt-dance and clog!

CAP AND GOWN.

It's all very well
For a boy, who can yell
For his own special college through all, without fail.
Why, I'd gladly be true
To the red or the blue,
If Tom were at Harvard, or Will went to Yale!

JULIET W. TOMPKINS.

Vassar Miscellany.

After the Soirée.

I BESIDE the blue-gate lying,
Round and round all objects flying,
Just to reach my bed was trying,
After the Soirée.

Now I hear the music stopping,
Now the corks from champagne popping,
Now the wasted money dropping,
After the Soirée.

Now I sleep and now awaken,
Find myself by classmates taken
To the bed that I'd forsaken,
After the Soirée.

When the light of day comes o'er me,
What have I but flunks before me?
Greek and Latin, how they bore me,
After the Soirée.

F. R. D. B.

Garnet.

A Panacea.

IF your health is not quite right,
If you have no appetite,
If you cannot sleep at night,
Light your pipe.

If conditions round you press,
If your stock of cuts grows less,
Spoiling all your happiness,
Light your pipe.

If your debts upon you weigh,
If your bills you cannot pay,
As they come in day by day,
Light your pipe.

There's no trouble in this land,
Lack of wealth, or loss of stand,
Loss of health, or lady's hand,
Which can this sure cure withstand!
Light your pipe.

R. O. RYDER.

Yale Record.

A Toast.

WHAT though the storm-king growls in rage,
And the daylight fast is dimming;
We'll add to the score on Mem'ry's page,
While the butt with cheer is brimming.

And Love shall be the tapster gay,
To draw at nod or winking;
And whether the clouds be gold or gray,
Here's to the cup and its clinking!

Those moist lips, touched in single bliss,
More constant are than lovers';
Their foamy depth holds many a kiss,
And many a sigh it smothers.

Then ho for the blood of youth, say I,
And the mad, glad hopes it bringeth;
For the palsied step of Age draws nigh,—
"*Sans* hope, *sans* joy!" he singeth.

A. K. LANE.
Tuftonian.

A Ballade of College Girls.

WHAT do the dear girls learn nowadays,
At all the colleges where they go?
They've no cane-rushes nor football frays;
Whence can their wealth of wisdom flow?
Up at Wellesley they learn to row;
Gowns and mortar-boards there are swell;
They flirt in the shades of "Tupelo":
I have been there, — but I won't tell!

The Smith girls had the dramatic craze,
And even the critics puffed their show;
The Amherst men are loud in their praise;
They diet on pickled limes and Poe.
At good Mount Holyoke, which some deem slo
They learn to cook and to sweep as well;
Along with their Greek they're taught to sew:
I have been there, — but I won't tell!

Cornell's "co-eds" have flattering ways;
Many a soul they have filled with woe;
Up at Vassar they're prone to stays,
And no girl there can have a beau;

All those beautiful blooms must throw
Their sweetness away where no man may dwell;
Rules can be cheated, sometimes, though:
I have been there, — but I won't tell!

ENVOY.

Girls, the Blue and the Crimson know
How a tryst is kept after bedtime bell.
Hush-sh," you whisper, "be cautious!" Oh,
I have been there, — but I won't tell!

F. R. BATCHELDER.

Harvard Lampoon.

Ballade of the Alumna.

HOW sadly in these latter days,
In search of memories bitter-sweet,
We tread the once-accustomed ways
With step grown slow, and lagging feet, —
Timed to the pulse's slower beat, —
And climb the stair and reach the floor,
To find — alas! how time is fleet!
Another's name is on the door!

We timid knock, and beg to gaze
On all once ours — are shown a seat,
O irony! In sad amaze
We marvel that it looks so neat,
Recalling how we used to meet
At gruesome hours in days of yore, —
Hours that fate can ne'er repeat:
Another's name is on the door.

Our ready chaff, our wordy frays,
Conviction backed by young conceit,
Have left no echoes; nothing stays
To mark how once we "led the street;"

But others come with youthful heat,
Nor reck of those who came before,
And play their part — their years complete;—
Another's name is on the door.

ENVOY.

Freshmen, our age with reverence greet,
And warning take, though grievèd sore,
No words delay, no prayers entreat, —
Another's name is on the door.

EDITH CHILD.

Bryn Mawr Lantern.

A Banquet Song.

I.

COMRADES, fill the banquet cup
Brimming up!
Fill it full of love and laughter,
Claret lips and kisses after,
Crown it with a maiden's smiles,
And the foam of magic wiles.
Drink it, drain it, clink your glasses,
For the love of loving lasses
Ere it passes!

II.

Fill again the banquet cup
Brimming up!
Overflow it with the roses
Which her timid blush discloses.
With her sparkling eyelight sift it,
Till it flavored is. Then lift it.
Drink it, drain it, clink your glasses,
For the love of loving lasses
Ere it passes!

III.

Comrades, fill a parting cup
Brimming up!
Flood it in your praise's zest,
For the uninvited guest.
With her charms and graces fill it,
Touch the lips and heartward spill it.
Drink it, drain it, clink your glasses,
For the love of loving lasses
Ere it passes!

EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

The Senior and the Rose.

A FEW faded rose-leaves —
A Freshman-year treasure —
I view you again with a sigh.
Three years have I kept you
In care without measure,
And now must I tell you good-by?

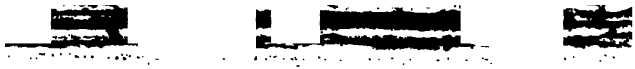
A rose that a Senior
Once dropped and deserted,
A rose from the bright banquet-hall,
A rose that man gave me,
When madly I flirted
With him at the great Junior Ball.

Alas for the rose-leaves!
Confusion o'ercomes me!
My cheek is quite crimson with shame!
Which rose were you part of?
And which Senior was she?
And what was that college man's name?

EVA LINNETTE SOULE.

Cardinal.

IV. NATURE



The American Partridge.

NEGLECTED minstrel of the single song,
Piping at twilight through the russet fields,
Thy two soft silver notes, one short, one long,
Rich with the careless joy that nature yields,
Rise from the stubble round the well-stocked fields,
Far from the chattering flock or warbling throng:
Bob White!

American! All hail, my countryman!
Thy treble, sweet or shrill, delights my ear;
A song of freedom ere our race began,
A challenger of conquest loud and clear;
Bespeaking nature pure as God's first plan,
And pride and peace, and quiet ever dear:
Bob White!

Southern Collegian.

To a Chrysanthemum.

THOU beauteous flower, with heart of gold,
Bravely defying winter's cold,
When dreary north winds shrilly whistle
Over the desolate fields of thistle;
Thou comest to bless in beauty's ways,
With memories of summer days,
When at the touch of gentle showers,
Decked were the fields in myriad flowers;
Yet more than all I praise to-day
This blossom bright,
Since on her breast it lay
Only last night.

JOHN ANGUS THOMPSON.
Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

My Treasures.

MY jewels are the drops of dew
That sparkle on the grass,
Or break into a thousand bits
When ruthless footsteps pass.

My gold bedecks the sunlit cloud,
Untouched by human hand;
My silver is the sleeping sea,
Unshadowed by the land.

My friend is every wooded hill,
And every singing brook;
For they are always true to me,
And wear a kindly look.

And yet how few would ever think
To count these treasures o'er;
But, dreaming oft of Satan's gold,
Would ask kind Heaven for more.

Co-heirs of Nature all may be,
Although of humble birth;
And yet, the miser hugs his gold,
While poor men own the earth.

WILBUR DANIEL SPENCER.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

A Pasture.

ROUGH pasture where the blackberries grow!—
It bears upon its churlish face
No sign of beauty, art or grace;
Not here the silvery coverts glow
That April and the angler know.

There sleeps no brooklet in this wild,
Smooth-resting on its mosses sleek,
Like loving lips upon a cheek
Soft as the face of maid or child—
Just boulders, helter-skelter piled.

Ungenerous nature but endows
These acres with the stumps and stocks
Which should be trees, with rude, gray rocks;
Over these humps and hollows browse,
Daily, the awkward, shambling cows.

Here on the right, a straggling wall
Of crazy, granite stones, and there
A rotten pine-trunk, brown and bare,
A mass of huge brakes, rank and tall—
The burning blue sky over all.

NATURE.

And yet these blackberries! shy and chaste!
  The noisy markets know no such —
  So ripe they tumble when you touch;
Long, taper — rarer wines they waste
Than ever town-bred topers taste.

And tell me! have you looked o'erhead
  From lawns where lazy hammocks swing
  And seen such bird-throats lent a wing?
Such flames of song that flashed and fled?
Well, maybe — *I'm* not city-bred.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Skating Song.

MOON so bright,
Stars alight,
Clouds adance, adance;
Snow of night,
Fleecy white,
Silver ice agleam, aglance.
High, hey, high, hey,
Skimming the smooth, bright way,
High, hey, high, hey,
Over the ice away.

Cheeks so bright,
Face alight,
Heart adance, adance;
Eyes of night,
Brow of white,
Silver skates agleam, aglance.
High, hey, high, hey,
Skimming the smooth, bright way,
High, hey, high, hey,
Over the ice away.

CORA ISABEL WARBURTON.

Smith College Monthly.

A Mystery.

ONCE, a little while ago, 'twas so warm and still
Down here, in this soft, dark place. Now I feel a thrill
Darting through me. Shivering, quivering, bursts my wrappage brown,
Struggling, striving, something in me reaches up and down.
Ah! it must be death, this anguish that I cannot understand.

One inch more, — I lift my head above the parted mould,
Oh! what rapture! Falling on me something sweet and gold,
Something humming, singing, moving, growing on each side;
High above me a blue glory stretching far and wide, —
And I know 'twas life, that anguish that I could not understand.

MARY E. HOYT.

Bryn Mawr Lantern.

The Birch-Tree.

LIKE a shower, breeze-suspended,
  Caught and played with by the air,
April from the sky descended,
  Tricked by sunshine unaware,
To a pale green fountain fashioned,
  Silver shaft with airy fling,
Tremulous and sun-impassioned
  Is the birch-tree in the spring.

Like the spirit of the fountain —
  Seen when earth was yet a child —
Leaping, white-armed, from the mountain,
  Laughing, beckoning, water-wild,
Sheen of mist her beauty veiling,
  Which she only half can hide,
Garments o'er her white feet trailing,
  Seems the birch at summer-tide.

E. A. H.
Inlander.

My Quest.

OVER the meadow and over the hill,
Over the heath and heather,
I seek for the spot where the dawn-wind sleeps,
And slips from its night-bound tether.
Is it here? Is it there?
Pray tell me where
The morning zephyrs tarry,
That I may bide
Where they crouch and hide,
And sip of the dew they carry.

Over the billow and over the wave,
Over the vales and valleys,
I seek for the spot where the night-wind dreams,
And rests from its twilight rallies.
Is it here? Is it there?
Pray tell me where
The breath of night lies sleeping,
That I may rest
In its downy nest,
With its breath my eyelids steeping.

W. T. O.

Trinity Tablet.

Lullaby.

BREEZES in the tree-tops high,
Sighing softly as you blow,
Sing a restful lullaby;
Sing the sweetest song you know,
Something slow, something low,—
Lulla-lullaby.

Barley heads and crested wheat,
Swaying gently to and fro,
Sing the music of the heat,
Sing the drowsiest song you know,
Something slow, something low,—
Lulla-lullaby.

Brooklet hidden in the grass,
Murmuring faintly as you flow,
Sing a sleep song while you pass;
Sing the dreamiest song you know,
Something slow, something low,—
Lulla-lullaby.

MABEL A. CARPENTER.

Wellesley Magazine.

Our Scarlet King.

HE comes along the great highway
In scarlet coat and crown,
And high the shrilling trumpets bray
And fierce his lancers frown.
Bright scarlet is his royal crest;
Bright scarlet shines his royal vest;
Oh! pr'ythee canst thou bring
A knight more nobly known and dressed
Than this, our Scarlet King.

See how he throws his largess gold
Into the bending trees.
He doth the forest walls enfold
In purple tapestries.
He giveth all a majesty;
He holds in fief the shore, the sea;
Oh! pr'ythee come and sing
A song, and sing it merrily
To him, our Scarlet King.

Past crypt and wayside canopy,
Beyond each blosmy throne,
Full fleetly speed his heralds free
To make his advent known.

His scarlet banners bend and blow;
Our scarlet vintages shall flow;
  And pr'ythee with us sing,
That proud October all may know
  And hail—"our Scarlet King."

HAROLD M. BOWMAN.

Inlander.

Bob White.

AT morn, when first the rosy gleam
Of rising sun proclaimed the day,
There reached me, thro' my last sweet dream,
This oft-repeated lay:
(Too sweet for cry,
Too brief for song,
'Twas borne along
The reddening sky)
Bob White!
Daylight, Bob White!
Daylight!

At eve, when first the fading glow
Of setting sun foretold the night,
The same sweet call came, soft and low,
Across the dying light:
(Too sweet for cry,
Too brief for song,
'Twas but a long,
Contented sigh)
Bob White!
Good Night, Bob White!
Good Night!

FRANCIS CHARLES MCDONALD.

Nassau Literary Monthly.

An Evening Song.

O RED, red clouds in the westering sky,
That are lit with a lamp of gold,
The hours are faint, they sleep, they die,
The stars are earthward rolled;
Make bright day's burial-place, make bright,
So it crimson-canopied be —
It dies, and Fancy out of the night
Comes down — comes down to me.

O red, red clouds with your glory gone,
That are ghostly shapes of gray,
My lady dreams by a moon-lit lawn,
Away from me — away;
Go down — go down from the sky, so the gleams
Of the moon shine over the sea,
And bring the thought of my lady's dreams
Over to me — to me.

ROBERT L. MUNGER.

Yale Courant.

Panacea.

WHEN life proves disappointing,
And sorrow seems anointing
Brows of care,
Take a brace and go a-sailing,
Either dolphin back or whaling,
Anywhere.

Fling your troubles to the breezes,
Where the salted Ocean sneezes
Spray your face —
Never mind the moments flying,
There'll be left of care and sighing,
Not a trace.

ANNIE NYHAN SCRIBNER.

Wisconsin Ægis.

The Dive.

ONE moment, poised above the flashing blue,
The next I'm slipping, sliding through
The water, that caresses, yields, resists,
Wrapping my sight in cooling, gray-green mists.
Another moment, my body swirls, I rise,
Shaking the water from my blinded eyes,
And strike out strong, glad that I am alive,
To swim back to the gray old pile from which I dive.

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD.

Smith College Monthly.

The Robin.

A STUDY.

ABSTRACTED, contemplative air,
A sudden run and stop,
A glance indifferent round about,
Head poised — another hop.

A plunge well-aimed, a backward tug,
A well-resisted squirm,
Then calm indifference as before.
But oh, alack, the worm!

KATHERINE VAN D. HARKEE.

Vassar Miscellany.

A Mountain Brook.

I COME from the depths of the mountain,
The dark, hidden head of the fountain,
I spring from a nook in the ledges,
And bathe the gray granite's rough edges,
I rush over wide mossy masses
To quench the hot thirst of the grasses.
I bathe the cleft hoofs of the cattle,
As o'er the rude ford-stones I rattle.
I glide through the glens deep in shadow;
I flow in the sun-bathèd meadow,
And seek, with a shake and a quiver,
The still steady flow of the river,
Then on to the wild rhythmic motion
Of my mother, the sky-tinted ocean.

CHARLES OTIS JUDKINS.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

In the San Joaquin.

ACROSS the hills the screeching blue-jays fly
In countless flocks, and as they hasten by
The children look up from their merry play
To watch them slowly, slowly fade away;
And night steals up the corners of the sky.

No silent, trembling star shines there, on high:
The hollow rivers, that were still and dry,
Begin to murmur; falls a gentle spray
Across the hills.

The stubble colors through the fallen hay,
And infant grasses pin the moistened clay;
The drooping trees shake off their dust and sigh;
And waking nature, with a gladdened eye,
Beholds the summer lose its ending day,
Across the hills.

NORMAN HUTCHINSON.

Cornell Magazine.

Four o'clocks.

IT was that they loved the children,
The children used to say,
For there was no doubt
That when school was out,
At the same time every day,
Down by the wall,
Where the grass grew tall,
Under the hedge of the hollyhocks,
One by one,
At the touch of the sun,
There opened the four-o'clocks.

It was that they loved the children;—
But the children have gone away,
And somebody goes
When nobody knows,
At the same time every day,
To see by the wall,
Where the grass grows tall,
Under the hedge of the hollyhocks,
How, one by one,
At the touch of the sun,
Still open the four-o'clocks.

LILLIAN B. QUIM

Wellesley Mag

The Voice of the West Wind.

THE Wind of the East and the Wind of the North
From the gates of the Sun and the Cold blow forth;
They wander wide and they wander free,
But never a word do they speak to me;
I hear but the voice I know the best,
Of my brother-in-blood the Wind of the West,
And the word that the West Wind whispers me,
Is a message, Heart of my heart, for thee.

Heart of my heart, when the skies hang low,
And all day long the light winds blow,
When the South, and the East, and the North, are gray,
And the soft rain falls through the autumn day,
Then, Light of my soul, canst thou not hear
The voice of the West Wind, soft and clear?
"Come," he whispers, and "Come," again,
Leave the dull skies and the steady rain,
Leave thou the lowlands and chill gray sea,
Heart of my own heart, and come with me.

ROBERT PALFREY UTTER.

Harvard Monthly.

A Fairy Barcarolle.

MY skiff is of bark from the white birch-tree,
A butterfly's wing is my sail,
And twisted grasses my cordage be,
Stretched taut by the favoring gale.

My cushions are pearly gossamers frail,
My mast is a tapering reed,
My rudder a blush-rose petal pale,
My ballast of wild-flower seed.

Through forests old and meads remote
We'll sail on the leaf-arched streams,
Down the silver rivers of Fancy float
To the golden sea of dreams.

WILLIAM HOLDEN EDDY.

Brown Magazine.

A Bird's Cradle-Song.

WEARY, weary loves!
Day is o'er and past;
Every drooping lily bell
Chimes good-night at last.
Softly! nursing winds
Swing them to and fro
With the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the rivulet below.

Even the willow leaves
Brooding silence keep;
All the great, good world is hushed—
Hushed that you may sleep!
But in heaven two wee, wee stars
Dance and whirl and glow
To the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the rivulet below.

EVELYN M. WORTHLEY.

Mount Holyoke.

The Wood Orchid.

A BUTTERFLY, wing-weary, came to find
A sweet seclusion from the amorous wind,
Deep in the pine woods, where the dusky trees
Shut in the forest's sounding silences
With close-twined boughs from which the breeze has blown
The fragrance-breathing fragments of the cone.
Deeply she drank the nectar of repose.
Spreading her downy wings all veined with rose,
Upon the gray-green mosses, cool and dank,
Languished the sprite, and in a swoon she sank,
While a delicious numbness born of death
Stilled the soft wings that stirred with each faint breath.
One summer morning, while the languid breeze
Strayed with a languid murmur thro' the trees,
It breathed a kiss upon a folded pair
Of pink flushed wings — and found them rooted there.

College Folio.

A Song.

OH, the hopper grass is clattering and flying all the day
Round the tawny, trembling tassels of the corn,
While the dreamy, drowsy bumblebee goes bumbling on his way,
And the locust in the woodland sounds his horn.

Above the rattling cottonwoods that line the lisping stream,
The crow is proudly calling to the sun,
And the beetles in the bushes make the summer day a dream,
For they hum and cheep until the day is done.

When the lotus-flower closes, and the stars are in the sky,
Then the owl awakes and sings a plaintive song,
While the crickets in the thickets sing the soothing lullaby,
And the katydid is chirping all night long.

S. P.

Kansas University Weekly.

The Skaters.

ABOVE the frozen floods
Gay feet keep time,
Steel-shod, their measures beat
Insistent rhyme.
No cares oppress the hearts
Glad youth makes light;
The winter skies and happy eyes
Alike are bright.

Shores where the summer waves
Have whispered low,
Echo the skaters' song,
As to and fro
Glide flitting forms,
And watch-fire's glow
Leaps into frosty air
And crimsons snow.

Fly, skaters, with wing'd feet!
The night wears on;
Be your stroke ne'er so fleet,
Night soon is gone.

NATURE.

With morning's dawn, the fires
In ashes lie,
And mountains keep their ward
Silently by.

GRACE W. LEACH.
Madisonensis.

By the Roadside.

SHY violets among the tangled grass;
Red robin, to thine own mate blithely singing,
Among the elm-tree boughs so gayly swinging;
My love, my true love, down this way will pass.

How shall you know her? By her sunny hair,
Her grave, sweet eyes, all pure, no evil knowing:
Oh, robin! thou wilt turn to watch her going;
There is no maid in all the land so fair.

Shy violets among the tangled grass,
Shed forth your richest perfumes 'neath her feet!
And gallant robin, when thou seest her pass,
Trill out thy merriest lay her ears to greet;
And elm-tree branches, drooping low above her,
Whisper to her that I came by and love her.

LOUISE R. LOOMIS.

Wellesley Magazine.

"A White Morning."

MANY a morning the trees' slim fingers
Lift to the blue their frosted tips;
Winter has paused beside them, passing,
And blown upon them, through icy lips.

After the day has dawned in earnest,
Comes a blaze from the soul of things.
Some small snow-bird, beneath the window,
Beats out life, from his restless wings.

Never trust to the cold and silence;
Suns will rise, and the day climb higher.
Under the snows are resurrections;
Under the frost is hidden fire.

GRACE W. LEACH.
Madisonensis.

V. IN SERIOUS MOOD

Verses.

WHAT must be must be, little one,
The dark night follow the day,
And the ebbing tide to the seaward glide
Across the moonlit bay.

What must be must be, little one,
The winter follow the fall,
And the prying wind an entrance find
Through the chinks of the cottage wall.

What must be must be, little one,
The brown hair turn to gray,
And the soul like the light of the early night
Slip gently far away.

FORSYTH WICKES.

Yale Literary Magazine.

A Little Parable.

JUST beyond the toiling town
I saw a child to-day,
With busy little hands of brown
Making toys of clay.

Working there with all his heart,
Beneath the spreading trees,
He moulded with unconscious art
Whatever seemed to please.

Men and fortress, plates and pies,
All out of clay he made,
Then rubbed with chubby fists his eyes,
And slumbered in the shade.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT.

Bowdoin Quill.

When Morning Breaks.

WHEN morning breaks, what fortune waits for me?
What ships shall rise from out the misty sea?
What friends shall clasp my hand in fond farewell?
What dream-wrought castles, as night's clouds dispel,
Shall raise their sun-kissed towers upon the lea?

To-night the moon-queen shining wide and free,
To-night the sighing breeze, the song, and thee;
But time is brief. What cometh, who can tell,
When morning breaks?

To-night, to-night, then happy let us be!
To-night, to-night, life's shadowy cares shall flee!
And though the dawn come in with chime or knell,
When night recalls its last bright sentinel,
I shall, at least, have memories left to me,
When morning breaks.

EDWARD A. RALEIGH.

Cornell Magazine.

A Lost Memory.

LISTENING in the twilight, very long ago,
To a sweet voice singing very soft and low.

Was the song a ballad of a lady fair,
Saved from deadly peril by a bold corsair,

Or a song of battle and a flying foe?
Nay, I have forgotten, 'tis so long ago.

Scarcely half remembered, more than half forgot,
I can only tell you what the song was not.

Memory, unfaithful, has not kept that strain,
Heard once in the twilight, never heard again.

Every day brings twilight, but no twilight brings
To my ear that music on its quiet wings.

After autumn sunsets, in the dreaming light,
When long summer evenings deepen into night,

All that I am sure of, is that, long ago,
Some one sang at twilight, very sweet and low.

PHILIP C. PECK.

Yale Literary Magazine.

The Truth-Seekers.

THEY who sought Truth since dawn
And sought in vain,
Now, at the close of day,
Come with slow step and faces drawn
With nameless pain,
To meet the night half-way.

"She whom we love is not!
Of her no sight
Had we, nor faintest trace!"
"Nay, here am I ye sought!"—
Beyond the night
They met her, face to face.

FRANCIS CHARLES MCDONALD.

Nassau Literary Monthly.

To-morrow.

THERE is a day which never comes
To light the morning sky,
But in our thoughts alone it lives,
And there may never die;
It holds our hopes of future bliss,
Our aspirations high,
And life itself is but a point
In that eternity —
To-morrow.

Each sunset brings us nearer that
Which earth shall not behold,
Where, far away beyond the hills
And through the clouds of gold,
We see a glimpse of brighter hours
Than tongue of bard has told,
When marks of time will be effaced,
When men will not grow old —
To-morrow.

WILBUR DANIEL SPENCER.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

From My Window.

I SIT within my little room
And see the world pass by,
The merry, youthful, thoughtless world,
That knows not I am I.

I watch it from my window ledge
Below me, at its play —
It makes an end of foolish things,
And thinks the sad ones gay.

And there above I sit, alone,
Behind my curtains long,
And I but peep, and mock a bit,
And sing a bit of song.

EDITH THEODORA AMES.

Smith College Monthly.

Love's Prayer.

LOVE, like Religion, has its prayer:
"Give me this day my daily bread,"—
Poor Love, that has so much to bear,
So seldom is its hunger fed.
It asks for loaves: instead there come
In answer, only crust and crumb,
And often, as it pleads alone,
It gains no other bread than stone.

And still it breathes this simple want,
Alas, it knows no other prayer,—
Nor ease can lure, nor failure daunt,
Nor terrors drive it from its care;
Deceived so oft, wouldst thou not guess
'Twould faint for very weariness?
Nay, it will plead till prayer be dead,
"Give me this day my daily bread!"

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Harvard Advocate.

A Song.

KNOWEST thou but joy,
Laughing lip and brilliant eye?
Sing not thou, for joy,
Being joy, must shortly die.

Knowest thou but pain,
Tears so salt they sting like fire?
Sing not thou, for pain
Seals the heart from high desire.

But if both are thine,
Joy that shines through sorrow's sadness,
Sorrow mingling song with gladness,
Sing thou then, the world thee hears
And smiles through tears.

H. R. REMSEN.

Trinity Tablet.

To a Friend.

YOUR eyes are — but I cannot tell
Just what's the color of your eyes,
I only know therein doth dwell
A something that can sympathize,
When selfish love would fail to see
The depths revealed alone to me.

JOHN GOWDY.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Love and Death.

LOVE and death is all of poets' singing,
What sounds else can stir the heavenly breath?
What save these can set the lyre-strings ringing:
Love and death?
What things else in maiden spirit springing?
What words else in all the preacher saith?
What thoughts else in God, the world forthbringing?

In the moon's pulse and the sea's slow swinging,
Death that draws, and love that sighs beneath:
Yea, life's wine is mingled; sweet, and stinging, —
Love and death.

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING.

Bryn Mawr Lantern.

Opportunity.

I KNOW not what the future holds —
But this I know,
Youth is a guest, who on his way
Too soon will go.

Once gone we call to deafened ears.
All prayers are vain!
For tears of blood, he will not come
Back once again.

Then spread the board of Life, with wine
And roses drest,
Drink deep and long, greet Joy and Love
While Youth is guest!

ARTHUR KETCHUM.

Williams Literary Monthly.

To Austin Dobson.

NOT unto you the gods gave wings,
To scale the far Olympic height,
But made content with simpler things,
Your Pegasus takes lower flight.

Yet while into oblivion float
Those vaster songs, sublimely grand —
All men are listening to your note,
And as they listen, understand.

Sing on, then, while the heart of youth
In glad accordance answ'ring thrills,
And life and love have still their truth,
As spring has still its daffodils.

ARTHUR KETCHUM.

Williams Literary Monthly.

With a Copy of Keats.

LIKE listless lullabies of sail-swept seas
Heard from still coves, and dulcet-soft as these,
Such is the echo of his perfect song,
It lives, it lingers long!

We love him more than all his wonder tales,
Sweeter his own song than his nightingale's;
No voice speaks, in the century that has fled,
So deathless from the dead!

How many stately epics have been tossed
Rudely against Time's shore, and wrecked and lost,
While Keats, the dreaming boy, floats down Time's sea
His lyric argosy!

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

George Du Maurier.

"Ah, if we knew; if we only knew for certain."

"AH, if we only *knew!*" he said,
The master — now laid cold and dead —
Under the sweetest song joy sang
This, like a burden, ever rang —

"Ah, if we only *knew!*" can we,
Now death shows him the certainty,
Now he has won his peace thro' pain,
Wish him back to the doubt again?

Nay, pass! thou great prince Gentle Heart!
Crowned with the deathless days of Art —
To that far country — old, yet ever new —
The land where all the dreams are true.

ARTHUR KETCHUM.

Williams Literary Monthly.

Lizy Ann.

"MY darter?" Yes, thet's Lizy Ann,
Ez full o' grit ez any man
'T you ever see! She does the chores
Days when I can't git out-o'-doors
'Account o' this 'ere rheumatiz,
And sees to everything there is
To see to here about the place,
And never makes a rueful face
At housework, like some women do,
But does it well — and cheerful, too.

There's mother — she's been bedrid now
This twenty year. And you'll allow
It takes a grist o' care and waitin'
To tend on *her*. But I'm a-statin'
But jest the facts when this I say:
There's never been a single day
That gal has left her mother's side
Except for meetin', or to ride
Through mud and mire, through rain or snow,
To market when I couldn't go.

"She's thirty-five or so?" Yes, more
Than that. She's mighty nigh twoscore.

But what's the odds? She's sweet and mild
To me and mother as a child.
There doesn't breathe a better than
Our eldest darter, Lizy Ann!

"Had offers?" Wal, I reckon; though
She ne'er told me nor mother so.
I mind one chap — a likely man —
Who seemed clean gone on Lizy Ann,
And yet she let the feller slide,
And he's sence found another bride.

The roses in her cheeks is gone,
And left 'em kinder pale and wan.
Her mates is married, dead, or strayed
To other places. Youth nor maid
No longer comes to see her. Yet
You'll hear no murmur of regret.
"My life's a part o' heaven's own plan,"
She often says. Thet's Lizy Ann.

EDGAR F. DAVIS.

Bowdoin Quill.

Be Thou a Bird, My Soul.

BE thou a bird, my soul, and mount and soar
Out of thy wilderness,
Till earth grows less and less,
Heaven, more and more.

Be thou a bird, and mount, and soar, and sing,
Till all the earth shall be
Vibrant with ecstasy
Beneath thy wing.

Be thou a bird, and trust, the autumn come,
That through the pathless air
Thou shalt find otherwhere
Unerring, home.

A. G. C.

Kansas University Weekly.

God's Acre.

OH, so pure the white syringas!
Oh, so sweet the lilac bloom
In the Arboretum growing
Near a granite tomb!
By the arching pepper-branches
Let us tender silence keep;
We have come into God's Acre,
Where the children sleep.

In the trees the quail are calling
To the rabbits at their play,
While the little birds, unknowing,
Sing their lives away;
In the night-time through the branches
Wistfully the young stars peep,
But, with all these playmates round them,
Still the children sleep.

Once within that leafy shelter
Some one hid herself, to rest,
With another little dreamer
Folded to her breast;

And a sense of consolation
  Stealeth unto them that weep,
While that mother-heart lies sleeping
  Where the children sleep.

Year by year the Christmas berries
  Redden in the quiet air, —
Year by year the vineyard changes,
  Buds and ripens there;
We give place to other faces,
  But the years' relentless sweep
Cometh not into God's Acre,
  Where the children sleep.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD.

Four-Leaved Clover.

Ubique

HIS presence makes the Spring to blush,
He shines in ample Summer's glow,
He kindles Autumn's burning-bush,
And flings the Winter's fleece of snow.

Hamilton Literary Monthly.

A Letter.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!"
The Chambered Nautilus.

SELF, Soul & Co., Architects:

Dear Sirs:

I find
Your "ad." in the *Nautilus* quite to my mind.
Pray build me a mansion (for plans see below)
More stately and lofty than this that I know.
Dig deep the foundations in reason and truth;
I want no pavilion — a fortress forsooth,
Secure against windstorms of doctrine and doubt;
In style — Emersonian — inside and out.
It should, sir, be double, with rooms on each side,
For justice and mercy, for meekness and pride;
For heating and lighting, it only requires
Faith's old-fashioned candles, and Love's open fires.
Write me minimum charges in struggle and stress,
And extras in suffering.

Yours truly,

C. S.

Kalends.

The Record of a Life.

HE lived and died, and all is passed away
That bound him to his so-soon-darkened day.
He is forgotten in time's sweeping tide;
This is his history: He lived — and died!

HENRY DAVID GRAY.
Madisonensis.

Who Knows?

IF when the day has been sped with laughter,
Mirth and song as the light wind blows,
A sob and a sigh come quickly after—
Who knows?

If eyes that smile till the day's completeness
Droop a little at evening's close,
And tears cloud over their tender sweetness—
Who knows?

If lips that laugh while the sun be shining,
Curved as fair as the leaf of a rose,
Quiver with grief at day's declining—
Who knows?

If the heart that seems to know no aching
While the fair, gold sunlight gleams and glows,
Under the stars be bitterly breaking—
Who knows?

JESSIE V. KERR.

Kalends.

Inconstancy.

I SIGHED as the soul of April fled,
And a tear on my cheek
Told of the love I had borne the dead —
And I signed the cross, and bowed my head —
And was sad for a week.

With a carol and catch the May came in
With her wonderful way —
And I saucily chucked her under the chin,
And tuned me the strings of my violin —
And was glad for a day.

FRANCIS CHARLES MCDONALD.

Nassau Literary Monthly.

Yesterday.

THOU art to me like all the days —
They ebb and flow with punctual tides,
Leave driftwood — wreckage on the sands,
Perhaps a shell besides;
Swift, incommunicable, vast,
They poise — then perish in the past.

And yet I have not all forgot
Those years when every day seemed long,
A separate age of joys and play,
Of wonder-tales and song;
I marvel, Yesterday, to know
Thou still art childhood's Long Ago!

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Harvard Advocate.

The Last Word.

LIFE is a boat that is drifting,
Riding high, rocking low,
While the tide turns.
Love is the sands that are shifting
In and out, to and fro,
While the tide turns.

Let the boat drift, no oar to lift,
Clear sky above, calm sea below,
Till the tide turns.
Dream on the shore, wander it o'er;
Gold gleam the sands 'neath the sun's glow,
Till the tide turns.

Time enough, love, to be lifting
'Gainst the waves, then, thy oar
When the tide turns.
Dreams are sweet, love, e'er the shifting
Shows how false is the shore,
When the tide turns.

ELIZABETH SANDERSON.
University of California Magazine.

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